

NEW EDITION—JUST OUT.

# RESTEL'S

## Secret Life



THESE WERE HER VICTIMS

THIS WAS THE WOMAN



# RESTEL'S SECRET LIFE

A True History of Her

From Birth To Her Awful Death By Her Own Wicked Hands

FULL DETAILS OF

Her Tricks and Devices, What She Did,  
How She Did, How She Got Rich, Who  
Her Victims Were, How Cruelly She  
Held Them. All About Her.

ALSO

How a Place, Like Her City House, Was Broken up in  
the State

By REV. BISHOP HUNTINGTON

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# RESTELL'S SECRET LIFE.

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I HAVE seen the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, but the retribution comes at last and crushes them. Money, lands, diamonds, or any other form of wealth cannot alter the final balancing which Providence makes with them.

Come with us, reader, two hours past midnight. Let us enter this costly and magnificent mansion of brown stone, rearing itself in the most aristocratic portion of New York City. Close the ponderous door. Now you stand in a palace. On all sides are the richest furnishings imaginable. Pure white Carara marble, cut in delicate diamond tiles and tablets, lines the floors of the hall passages and dining-room. Do not turn pale if the marble tablets, strangely enough, remind you of tomb-stones. Tremble not if the thought occur to you that these tablets over which we are walking, are leaves in the book of Fate which will be opened in the other world. Oh, what a volume, when unclasped for a guilty woman's final trial.

Step aside now, through this doorway. What richness! what regal splendor! Your feet sink a full inch into the velvety pile of the carpet. The furniture, tables, chairs, tête-a-têtes, sofas, jardiniers, and paintings, all impress you as wondrous. Nay, more, they completely overpower you, and you gaze about with an astonishment greater than that of Aladin, when in his cave of riches!

Ah! what is *that*, directly there before you? A superb stand supporting a glass case of exquisite workmanship! Approach! look! what! surely have we not made a blunder? This is not the den of an abortionist, filled like a charnel-house, with the invisible bones of her victims! No! no! it cannot be! for within that glass case is a *Bible*—a Holy Bible, lying there on its splendid satin cushion, even as a guardian angel! Alas! no! touch it not! it is a defiled, *un-holy* thing! a vile cheat, a devil in the livery of Heaven. It was deliberately bought with *blood* money for a purpose, like the beacon fire of the coast wrecker is kindled

to mislead and insure destruction to the mariner. We can hear the progress of this abode as she laughingly said once in explanation to a confidential friend—

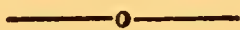
“Ha! ha! that bible’s the best trick I ever got up. You see, when my customers come to me they’re generally always nervous with their danger, and they need something to inspire them with complete confidence. And there’s nothing like a bible for that. I’ve often noticed ’em. They’d come in as diffident as sheep, but when they’d see that book, why, bless your soul, they’d change right off, and tell me all, like I was their own mother. Oh, my! that’s the best dodge I ever got up.”

Now then, this way to the reception-room, or Consultation chamber. Quite a change in the style! Here is where the “private interviews” used to take place. Oh, could those figures of bronze, which fill the mantle, only speak, what tales they could tell. The main pieces of furniture here are an old-time desk, a centre-table and a sewing machine, with a lounge and several chairs, and certain strange looking objects, on the back top of the desk, innocent and harmless enough in appearance, but — reader, let your imagination supply the rest. This is the den, where the bargains were made, and the dark deeds done. Could we but make you speak, old desk! Could you but be placed on the witness stand and reply to the questions Mr. Comstock would ask you —, hush! be very still! what was that? a noise up stairs. Come quick! glide with us to the second floor. Some one is moving in the Madame’s chamber. See! there is a glimmer of light through the jar of the doorway. She opens the door leading into the hall, stretches her head carefully out and listens. Is she alarmed? has she heard us? is she about to arouse the family? No, she seems even to hold her own breath for fear of disturbing some one. In her hand she clutches — what! that’s the gleam of a large knife, with an edge like a razor. What a deadly calm there is, and determination on the terrible face.

“They are all asleep, and now I’ll do it!”

Her lips say all this in a whisper, and she glides with a noiseless step along the hall to the bath room. There is no haste as she disrobes. The knife she has laid on the chair close by the bath tub, into which the hot water is already running, with a towel placed over the faucet so as to deaden the noise. A skirt is laid somewhat carelessly over the deadly weapon so as to hide it, as though a thought has suddenly come to her, that some one might enter the room. Now then, the bath tub is full; she stoops over and thrusts in her hand to try the heat. It is apparently not too hot. How steady her fingers are as they undo the exquisite gold button at her throat, and how calmly the garment is dropped to the floor, and she stands just as she entered the world, so is she going to leave it! What a study that face and form are now, for a painter, yearning for

immortality. The cheeks are a trifle paler, only a trifle, the lips a little more compressed, the eyes! oh, those eyes, that have looked down calmly into so many suffering mothers' faces. Ah! what an expression there is in them *now*. A moment or two and she steps over the side of the tub into the water, sits down rather suddenly, reaches her hand under the skirt on the chair and draws forth the knife. Was that a groan she uttered from behind her tightening lips? Ah! quick, let us stay her arm! It is raised with awful intent! Too late! She knew where to cut, and the carving-knife drops from her dying hand with a little plash into the water, slides from her breast like a gleam of light to the bottom of the tub. Its part is done! her part is done! She is dead already! And the water is blushing scarlet at the dreadful deed. Still on it flows. The hot water is all drawn by this time from the boiler and the cold begins to run in. The blush begins to disappear after an hour, for the constantly renewed stream has carried the blood all away into the waste pipe. Hour follows hour, until the servant, rising in the morning, chances to pass near the bath room. She looks in—the water is still running! and is now colorless and terribly cold. Her mistress is a stiffened corpse. She will not be tried. With her own hand she has quashed Comstock's indictment, and in desperation has appealed to the Supreme Court of Heaven. Thither we cannot follow her. There we cannot see the vast array of witnesses, nor listen to the testimony of the little voices before that Tribunal. God is just and He will wisely do what is right.



## SECRET HISTORY OF MADAME RESTELL.

"MADAME RESTELL."—This was the name that has appeared in various advertisements of a questionable character, during the past thirty-five years. That name was an assumed one, or, as the law calls it, an *alias*. Let us go back down the long, long past, or rather let us begin at the beginning.

In a little village called Painswick, nestled in the heart of Gloucestershire, England, there lived a laboring man named Trow. Among his children was a pretty, innocent girl, loving, industrious and obedient. Her name was Anna. That handsome, good-hearted girl, born in 1812, was afterwards the famous Madame Restell, who, in the darkness of the thirty-first night of March, 1878, took her own life, and thus ended a long career of notoriety which would have startled her when a village girl. The record shows that she was born in the year 1812, which made her, therefore, at the time of her death, sixty-six, the best part of a half a century of which life has been spent in the profession of a midwife. We use this

word because it was what she was styled in a business way. But even angels would blush at the sound. However let us not anticipate here, for there is a history that will vindicate all that has ever been said about this terrible woman. And does not her own bloody end prove more conclusively than aught else, that the load on her gnawing conscience, had become utterly unbearable?

She was sixteen years old when, her father being poor, she left the village school and went to hire out with a family in the neighborhood.

While in this situation, she became acquainted with Henry Sommers, an industrious tailor. The two fell in love, and after a short courtship, they were married. Commencing housekeeping, they lived quite happily together for about three years, sometimes doing very well, and sometimes having quite a struggle to make both ends meet. At last, chancing to hear how well some friends were doing, who had emigrated to America, the young couple began to consider whether their own condition and prospects would not be enhanced and brightened by leaving home and emigrating to the new world. After mature deliberation, they concluded to come to the United States and try their fortune. At this time there was not a more devoted, loving wife, than Anna Sommers.

In 1831, after a tempestuous voyage, they landed in New York City, where they boarded a little while, and went to room keeping.

It was not long before the husband obtained work at his trade. But now occurred an event that shaped in reality, the after life of Mrs. Sommers. Her husband was suddenly taken down with Typhoid Fever, and died. She was thus left a widow with a little girl. This happened in 1833, and the unfortunate woman was obliged to look about her for some means of support for herself and child. Going out to do day's work at sewing gradually caused her to adopt that, and she became a regular seamstress.

While thus employed, she made the acquaintance of a woman who lived up town. This woman, though the daughter of a respectable father, was, it is supposed, a giddy creature. But knowing the value of appearance, she doubtless continually masked herself behind a demeanor of virtue and innocence. She therefore made believe to do a little work. Mrs. Sommers had her curiosity awakened and became acquainted more thoroughly with her friend. The latter quickly saw this, and endeavored to induce the former to adopt the same course. But the young English widow was far too shrewd to be entrapped. Yet she did, it is said, on several occasions, accompany her to the home of a mysterious old woman in Chatham street.

During the course of these visits, she learned that this old woman made peculiar medicines for illegal uses. And here let us halt in our narrative, to say that time and time again, when they have been arrested for selling

these nostrums, these illicit quacks have acknowledged that the medicines in bottles contained nothing whatever but water colored and made to taste like medicine, by the infusion of bitter or aromatic herbs, and that the pills sold in boxes, were nothing but dough prepared in exactly the self-same manner. And that, for that reason the law could not hold them responsible, as there was nothing whatever in the remedies that was harmful. Expert chemists have been employed to analyze them, and they have found the statements regarding the ingredients to be true. Then, of course the law could not hold the swindling charlatans answerable, except in another way, which was this. The person who sent money for the medicines, must make an affidavit of false pretense against the quacks who sold the medicine, and then when the trial should come on, the complainant must stand up in open court and testify against them.

And there was the point where the wretches have always been safe, for not one out of a million of the poor, miserable dupes, would expose herself or himself on the witness stand, for in that event their own characters would be tarnished. We firmly believe it to be the holiest duty in these degenerate times, incumbent upon all respectable family physicians, to rise up in a body and protest against the habit which is insidiously ruining and destroying American Society. The teachings and animadversions of the clergymen from their pulpits are useless. Everything is in the hands of the medical doctors. Let them explain to their patients, that certain vile tricks resorted to by so many thousands of mothers in the land, can be detected instantly in the physical appearance. *This is true.* Women who resort to violence, resulting in ante natal murder, show the results at once. You can tell them in an instant as they walk the street; nothing they can do can hide it from the experienced eye. And physicians should explain this to their patients, so that every eye should become experienced, and the doers of these horrible deeds become the objects of execration whenever and wherever they appear. Let us have the old Bible fashion. In those days a woman who had no children was looked upon with contempt. She was a reproach and a bye word. Let it become so again in these modern days, and the frightful Moloch, which is destroying millions of those little beings who should fill up the next generations, will perish. Oh, you young and thoughtless mother, who, with your own hands, cast your offspring into the hellish maw of this fiend, and who excuse yourself with the flimsy pretexts you do, pause. Remember, in every case you deliberately commit the crime of murder, and that in the judgment day God will hold you responsible for the fearful crime, just as surely as though you went into the street and deliberately took the life of a little girl or boy who might be passing your door. Yes! more so, for the same God who created you and placed you here upon this earth, has given you special charge of your

own children. And if you kill them, no matter at what period of their existence, whether before or after they are born, you will be held responsible by Him hereafter. Your empty excuses may do here on earth, but write this in letters of fire on your memory—they will not do above, when your reckoning comes with the Judge of all.

As we have said, the death of her husband altered Mrs. Sommer's whole subsequent life. How she finally thought of that existence compared with her early and poor though happy life, is best shown by her suicide. It had become an awful incubus upon her conscience, and to escape it, in the madness of the moment she opened the door of eternity with the carving knife, and rushed headlong from this world into the next.

Who shall attempt to paint with pen or pencil the panorama of the past, which, with lightning rapidity, and yet minute distinctness of detail, swept before her eyes as she lay prone in the bath tub, ready to do the desperate act.

The rushing of the water from the faucet, must have sounded like the howling of demons. In the gloom she could just see the dim light that came through the window-slats from the street below, and looked like a glinting ghost flitting upon the blade of the knife. The weapon was raised! Then the panorama began, doubtless with the little cottage at home far away in England, then the setting sail, the voyage across the Atlantic, the arrival, full of hope, in America, of herself and husband, the honest toil and effort for a livelihood, his death, and her subsequent clouds, the beginning of a dubious career, the marriage with the printer, Lohman, who, it has been asserted, was the real culprit in the after profession. Then followed the rest of the panorama, each scene growing darker, darker, darker—ha! too dark to bear longer—and the keen knife severed the Madame's jugular! The darkness is all gone, and a *red* light illumines its every flying inch, and she needs it, for her eyes are growing dim, dimmer, and, besides the rushing of the water, she hears the rushing of her own blood. How terribly like the groans of infantile voices! How slowly death comes! At least it appears so! Yet it is not more than two *earthly* minutes, though ten ages of eternity. But it comes at last! Her head drops on her breast, her hair floats in the water, the panorama has stopped, she has stepped through the doorway, the invisible door closes forever, and Madame Restell's spirit is in the other world.

After she had been sewing for some time with poor success, she took a room in the Chatham street house. Lohman, her husband, worked as a compositor upon the Herald.

Soon afterward the pair moved to Greenwich street, and set up regularly the nefarious trade which subsequently brought her such huge piles of money. The general advertisement was this "**MADAME RESTELL,**

the female physician, is daily at her office, No. 146 Greenwich street, where she will treat diseases to which females are liable."

This was an exceedingly bold and impudent device, and attracted so much notice that all good citizens were scandalized by it, and there was every now and then an indignation meeting called, and strong resolutions adopted. More than this, committees were appointed to watch the house of the brazen faced charlatans, who, however, pursued their nefarious trade so carefully that they could not be detected in any overt act for which they could be handled.

But at last there was an opportunity offered.

It was a cold, dreary day, the fifth of February, 1888, that a handsome young lady, a native of Philadelphia, entered the office of Mayor Havemeyer. Her face was pale and careworn, and it was very evident that she had passed through some sickness very lately.

"What do you wish to see the Mayor for?" asked an official in charge.

"I want to see his Honor in order that he may give me some aid or at least tell me what to do."

The Mayor's time was precious, and there were so many foolish applications being continually made to him, that, at first, this was supposed to be one of the same character, but when the fair applicant mentioned the name of Madame Restell, it secured for her a prompt hearing.

She was ushered into the private room of the Mayor, and told her story as follows:

"I have been an inmate of Madame Restell's house for some time. I have been unfortunate, sir, as you may suppose, or I would not have been in such a place, but what I want is my baby. I don't know what she has done with it. Indeed I love it, sir, and I want it back. I believe she done something to it. Oh, your Honor, will you help me, and God will bless you."

Mr. Havemeyer was much affected by the plain, simple, unvarnished narrative of his visitor, whose motherly love for her offspring had evidently overwhelmed even the shame of her situation. He at once advised her to have an affidavit made out, embracing the definite charge, and he would have a warrant issued for her, the Madame's arrest. This she did. But when it came to telling her name she almost fainted. She thought again, however, of her missing baby, and seizing the pen she signed Mary Applegate, of Philadelphia, and then bursting into tears, she groaned, as she covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, sir, this is the bitterness of gall to me, but my mind is made up, and I will not retreat, no, not if I die to-morrow! And, oh, I wish I were dead."

The warrant was placed in the hands of a discreet officer, who at once proceeded to the Greenwich street house and made the arrest.

The event created the wildest public excitement, as many of our older readers will remember. A mass meeting of citizens was called to assemble in a hall on Courtland street, and it was so numerous attended, that it had to be adjourned into the street. There were several very violent speeches made, and there began to be shouts of:

"Let's go tear her out! Burn the house over her head! We'll search the place! Wonder how many babies are buried there! Forward for Greenwich street."

Then with hootings and yellings, the immense mob moved in the direction of the Madame's dwelling.

A messenger was at once despatched to the station, and a platoon of fifty policemen was hurried over to Greenwich street, where they hastily formed in front of Restell's house, and were just in time, for no sooner had they taken their position than the rioters came upon the scene. There was at once a shout to clean out the police and tear down the house. Some of the more excited of the mob advanced upon the officers of the law, but the latter, closing their lines solidly, defied the rioters. Not only that, but five of the most demonstrative were seized, disarmed of their clubs, and incontinently marched off to the station house. This determined act on the part of the police, undoubtedly saved the house from destruction, and themselves from rough handling and defeat.

Upon finding that they had been foiled in their object, the mob returned to Chatham street and held another mass meeting. Speeches were made, denouncing the authorities for protecting such a woman as Madame Restell.

The next day there appeared a card in the papers, stating that the riot had been instigated by a certain man, because the Madame had refused to submit longer to black mailing demands of his for money.

The general public were terribly excited over the whole matter; so much so, indeed, that the legislature was obliged to take cognizance of the subject, and pass some acts specially directed against abortionists.

Further on we shall refer again to Miss Applegate's case. Almost thirteen months after, or, to be more particular, September 7th, 1847, Madame Restell was arrested on the charge of manslaughter in the second degree, for malpractice upon a girl named Maria Bodine. Bail was refused and she was committed. On the tenth of September, she was arraigned before the Court of Sessions, and pleaded not guilty.

Her trial commenced at the October term. She was ably defended by the celebrated James T. Brady and David Graham. Never did a case excite the interest that this one did, the Court being crowded to suffocation. Notwithstanding the ability and excellence of her counsel, she was

**convicted.** Three days were consumed in obtaining a jury, the trial lasted nineteen days, and when the prisoner was pronounced guilty, it is safe to say that the whole nation rejoiced, for the whole nation was watching the case with the most intense interest and suspense. Judge Scott made a telling charge, and in sentencing the prisoner to one year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary, he scathingly rebuked the crime.

But still, to show what influence the two had—for though not indicted, Lohman, the husband, was, it is said, more guilty than she—the prisoner was allowed all sorts of privileges in the jail. Indeed it became such a scandal that the public again became indignantly excited. Committees were appointed, who waited upon the Board of Aldermen, and urged them to take decided action. This was at last done, and the Aldermen selected a special committee, who, upon an examination into the charge, confirmed to the fullest the report. Jacob Acker, the warden, was found guilty and promptly discharged. And very justly so; indeed mere dismissal was an exceedingly light punishment. For he allowed Restell to be visited at all times by her husband, who would remain alone with her as long as it suited his or her pleasure. She had a special table served with all the luxuries that her ill gathered wealth could command, her cell was furnished in the most approved manner, she had an elegant feather bed instead of the straw mattress usually given to convicts. She had a lamp all night, and her cell was not locked, as were the cells of the other prisoners, at night. By the time this villainous favoritism was brought to a termination, the Madame's term of imprisonment was nearly out.

So far from being cast down or abashed by her penitentiary service, Restell became bolder than ever, and boasted that it was worth a hundred thousand dollars of advertising. Another strong fort in which she was entrenched, was the fact that, even then, she held in her keeping the dread secret of many a high toned family, and that a fear of exposure, led these people quietly to befriend her when she got into the toils.

How correct they were in their boasts about the imprisonment being an advantage, to them, was fully shown, when, after her liberation, the Madame and her husband took a fine house at No. 160 Chambers Street, and furnished it in grand style. Here they promptly renewed their bellish calling, advertising it more boldly than ever. Startling as it may seem, Restell, during her career, paid to one single newspaper in New York, more than twenty thousand dollars for advertising. The morality of this paper must always have been at a low ebb, indeed, and it is no excuse to say that its columns belong to all classes of people. A newspaper has a certain responsibility, in forming and guiding the public mind, and if it destroy or partially destroy, or vitiate that mind, it is undoubtedly answerable. No question but that scores and scores of the Restell visitors were led to her habitation by seeing her advertisements, time

after time in the paper to which we refer. Just to that extent is it *particeps criminis*, in the dark deeds.

The Chambers street home was fitted up in the grandest style, with every accommodation for lady boarders. Here it was that her brother, Joseph Trow, assisted in the manufacture, and so forth, of the medicines, as well as the husband. The last named also began to advertise the same medicines under the name of Doctor Moraceau. Their silly dupes were numbered by the thousands, for those who sent their five dollars and ten dollars, for the "*infallible remedies*" and found themselves deceived by getting bitter, colored water, and bitter herb bread pills, never once exposed the swindle, as they would thereby expose themselves. Of course the unfortunates who went into the establishment to board, were attended to by the Madame, and whatever might happen to them, it was not likely would ever be known.

In 1855 Restell was arrested on the complaint of a German woman named Fredericka Modinger, on the charge of abduction.

In her affidavit, Fredericka said, that she lived at number 20 Stanton Street, further, that on July 27th 1855, she had become a boarder at Restell's, where she was induced to take six pills; that shortly afterward she was delivered of a living babe. This disappeared. It was fully expected that there would be just such another excitement as there had been in the previous trial. But Restell and her husband managed to have the matter hushed up, add nothing ever came of the suit. It was always supposed that Fredericka, the woman, was spirited away. One thing was certain, she was lost sight of and did not make her appearance to press the prosecution which she began so earnestly. Then began another period of uninterrupted good fortune to the establishment. The war broke out, and everything went along swimmingly, and the dupes and their dollars poured in upon the Chambers street establishment's proprietors.

The more fashionable of Restell's patrons and customers had begun moving to the upper part of the city. So the husband and wife talked the matter over, and they resolved to go to the head of the heap. The result was the erection of the magnificent brown stone structure at the corner of Fifty-second street and Fifth Avenue, outrivalling all the other splendid residences of that luxurious neighborhood. When it was discovered by the aristocratic dwellers, who had come to dwell among them, there was a tremendous hub-lub. Everybody considered it the correct thing to exclaim loudly against the frightful invasion and occupation, but Restell and her shrewd husband knew too much, and only laughed when they heard of the gossip.

"Well, if these high toned folks," said he, "don't like the locality, there's plenty of room for them to move. They can easily go away to

some other more salubrious portion of Manhattan Island. Can't they?"

"Of course they can," was the rejoinder, "but they won't! We've got the best of them."

"Of course, yes, but you know just as well that human nature is always dreading the trusted confidante. The ordinary run of mankind is made of mental cowardice, and whether we'd tell their secrets or not, the thought that we have possession of them, makes them timorous. No doubt, there's lots of these *friends* of ours would be delighted to find that you and I had died peaceably in the night."

"You bet there would be."

And the two laughed as they exchanged knowing glances.

"By the bye, business, that's the outside mail business, is a little dull to day, isn't it? Only four thousand three hundred dollars in for the day's work. We'll have to get up a little drive to bring it back to its sum of seven thousand."

"I was thinking so myself."

"Oh, well, let things rest awhile yet, I guess the ministers have been prodding their sheep a little fiercely the last month or two. Can't expect sunshine *every* day, you know."

Thinking people often wonder why it is that Providence permits the most frightful wretches of society to prosper, while good and estimable people have to bear adversity and ills, both of health and misfortune. These questions are more easily asked than answered. Indeed, there can be no reply to them here. But no doubt all will be answered hereafter—hereafter! Yes, thank God, we have faith in that hereafter. There's sunshine on the other side of the clouds.

Restell and her husband, with their assistant, perseveringly carried on the odious business in the palatial abode on Fifth Avenue, and victim after victim, came, and floated away into the ocean of the lost ones, after being made to contribute to the gains of the establishment.

It really did seem as though the boast of the proprietors was not an idle one, that the law could not touch them.

Death, however, stepped upon the scene, and took the one, whom very many people firmly believed to be the chief one of all—that was Charles Lohman, the husband. He died and was buried.

Had the wife only now been satisfied with the wealth they had amassed, upon the occurrence of his decease, she would have escaped from the retribution that was lying in wait for her.

But, "whom the Gods would destroy, they make mad," is an ancient saying of the Greek philosophers, and yet it appears to have verification even in our own times. So Madame Restell kept up the old trade, and Nemesis finally appeared.

## IN THE TOILS.

On a cold day in the beginning of February, 1878, a ring came to the door bell of the fashionable, and hitherto impregnable, Fifth Avenue palace. It was answered by the servant.

"Is Madame in?"

The speaker was a gentleman of quiet, suave deportment, and gentle of tone.

"Yes, sir, please walk in."

The servant saw in the new comer, a customer, sure, and customers were always welcome, whether it was a five dollar, or a five thousand dollar job. And he felt confident, from the manner of the gentleman, that his was an "important errand," for these were always important.

"Ah, my old friend, how do you do, just glad to see you coming up the street as I was standing on the step here. I am making a call here, come along in with me.

The new *accidental* friend also "walked in, sir," and they were ushered into the reception room, where they remained awaiting the appearance of the wanted matron. Strangely enough, in the eyes of the servant, at least, they exchanged significant glances. But he recollected that visitors sometimes did that kind of thing.

A rustle of a silk dress, and in another moment Madame stood before her callers, easy, confident, perfectly self-possessed.

"How do you do, gentlemen? what can I do for you?"

"Thank you, Madame, will you please look at this?"

A paper was placed in her hand. Coolly she placed her eyeglasses, opened the document, and then her hands began to tremble.

"A search warrant!"

"Yes, Madame, and we are here to comply with its intention."

"You are welcome to do so, pray excuse me for a few moments."

"Oh, no, Madame, we must have your valuable presence with us until we are through with the duty imposed upon us."

Then the Madame became angry.

"Ha! this is some of your work, Mr. Comstock!"

Yes, Mr. Comstock was the man who had trapped the foxes that had escaped every other hunter for a quarter of a century, nearly. And the only regret of decent people, is, that that same determined battler against immorality, had not been waging warfare with the demon fifty years ago, before it had become so powerful as it has. God grant him long life to continue his crusade against the invidious foes, which destroy our sons





Down into the cellar. "In the name of the law."  
In den Keller hinunter. „Im Namen des Gesetzes.“

and daughters behind our backs, and which have been, and still are, sap-  
ping the very foundations of society.

The warrant was carried out to the letter, and the palatial abode of the  
abortionist was ransacked high and low, from attic to cellar, and the officers  
of the outraged law, secured her instruments, hooks, shears, needles,  
bottles, powders, liquids, pills, and indeed all the deadly weapons for that  
"crime against nature" which is so justly denounced as the most fashion-  
able sin of the day.

Previous to the year 1873, the use of these implements and drugs had  
to be proven before the criminal could be punished. But after the pas-  
sage of that law, the mere possession has been enough to convict the  
evildoer and bring down the penalty.

It was a bold stroke and an exceedingly brave one on the part of Mr.  
Comstock to make the move he did. For if he had found nothing, he  
would have placed himself in an exceedingly awkward predicament,  
besides getting himself laughed at for a blunderer.

On the 11th day of February, another warrant was issued, this time for  
the arrest of Madame Restell.

Though quite nervous, still her past successes in evading and defying  
the law, caused the accused to carry a bold front, believing that her  
money would in some mysterious way, get her out of her trouble.

With all the airs imaginable, she ordered her carriage, and in the most  
magnificent style she was driven to the Court.

## IN THE RAPIDS

Madame Restell was now unconsciously in the same condition as the  
hunters in the canoe, above Niagara Falls. They had often been across  
the river before, and knew its every turn and eddy so well, that they  
never felt at all afraid of it. Being strong and skillful and bold, they  
often paddled nearer to the awful cataract than anybody else would dare  
to. One afternoon they went out as usual, got nearer than ever, to the  
perilous brink, and started on their return, stemming the torrent success-  
fully, when all at once one of the paddles broke. This was fatal, for in  
another instant the canoe was swept into the rapids, and from thence,  
like a flash of lightning, over the chasm, into the seething hell of waters.  
Thus they perished at last.

And so did the Madame, after all her many hair-breadth escapes.

When she was taken to Jefferson Market Police Court, Mr. Comstock  
was placed on the stand, and testified, that when he made the arrest, he  
found in the Reception room of Madame Restell, the wife of one out

prominent citizens. He also testified to the finding of the illicit articles charged, in her house. So, the evidence being of this direct character, there was no quibble, and Justice Kilbreth held her.

Her Counsel claimed that there was only a misdemeanor, declared that she would be acquitted of the charge, and asked that, pending an examination, she be admitted to bail.

In her satchell, the prisoner had brought twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars worth of United States bonds, and when the Justice announced five thousand dollars bail on each charge, making ten thousand dollars in all, she jauntily produced the ten thousand dollars in the United States Bonds.

What was her astonishment, when the stern magistrate, with a decided wave of his hand, said:

"I cannot and will not receive such security. We must have freehold security, and two bondsmen."

This was a crusher, but properly enough, the Justice remained inexorable in his decision. The next thing was to send out messengers in all directions, to her friends, to come and bail her out, but none came, which showed that the dread of public opinion was greater than the friendship of her friends. Night came, and still no one came, and finally the accused left the Court, entered her gorgeous carriage, and was driven, in grand style, to the Tombs, where she spent the night.

The next day she remained in her cell. There were a number of calls made upon her, but she declined to see anybody except her Counsel, Mr. McKinley, her relatives, and one or two more of her most intimate friends. The former and another came in her own elegant carriage, her turnout, with its liveried servants, making quite an ostentatious display. This was excessively annoying to those who had her case in hand, but it created much prejudice against her, or rather let us correct by saying, it excited much just feeling against her.

After a long interview with his client, Mr. McKinley went before the Justice and informed him that he demanded an examination, that the prisoner, in waiving one at the first hearing, did not comprehend her legal rights, or she would not have done so. He also stated that they were now ready with freehold security. The Magistrate promptly replied, that so far from the prisoner not being aware of her legal rights at the hearing, she had been carefully and explicitly informed of them at that time, indeed just as thoroughly and carefully as if the Counsel himself had been present and done so.

As an examination was now demanded by the prisoner, he would willingly grant it, and fixed the fifteenth as the date. He stipulated, however, that in case Mr. Comstock should not be ready to go on, there should be a postponement till another day. The Judge added, that under

the circumstances, he would decline to receive bail most positively, pending the examination. Counsel undertook to argue the matter and persuade a different decision, but the Judge was inexorable, and would not budge an inch.

On the appointed day, therefore, the Madame was again brought into Court, and was confronted by her prosecutor, whom some of her friends had the effrontery to call her persecutor. However, that made no difference to him. He was there in the performance of a high and holy duty, and though it might crush one woman who ought to have been crushed long ago, God knows, it might, and most likely would, save many other women.

The Court now was packed with spectators, such was the public excitement. Promptly at the hour for the session, the Madame swept into the room in her magnificent attire, and accompanied by her Counsel and her family.

The Judge announced that Mr. Comstock, the principal witness, being unavoidably absent, an adjournment, until his return, would be necessary. Mr. Purdy, senior Counsel for the accused, said that would suit him exactly. The question of bail was then resumed. Mr. James Gounod, one of the bondsmen, desired to surrender his bail. He had been promised two hundred and fifty dollars for going on the bail bond, but he had not seen a cent of the money. An examination then showed that a young man by the name of Thompson, had been the means of obtaining him as a bondsman, and for his trouble, had kept the money himself, a shrewd bit of business on his part. He had fulfilled his promise to obtain the bondsman, and now that the bondsman had surrendered his bail, he could not demand the money, neither could the prisoner's counsel demand it back.

Mr. Jacob Schwartz, the other bondsman, now renewed his bail, and a second one was obtained to keep him company. This was Mr. John Loretz, of 177 West Twelfth street. He did not sign the bond until after ten thousand dollars in U. S. bonds had been deposited in his name, with the Trust Company, and he had received two hundred and fifty dollars in cash for his trouble. This formality gone through with, Restell was released, and drove off triumphantly in her carriage. Her coachman, who had driven her for nearly twenty years, seemed to partake of the same spirit.

Little did the indignant spectators think how the invisible chain which Justice had fastened about that grandly dressed, haughty woman, was burning into her vitals beneath the covering of silk and seal skin sacque, as though each link were a red hot piece of steel. They little suspected that the conscience of the innocent, thoughtless, English village girl, was still living within what was now the hard woman of the world, that it

was stinging her almost to desperation, that in a little month more its voice was to become so loud as to require the hands of a violent death to shut it from her ears. Yet such was the case. The sheet of outer brass was thin, after all.

Upon March 1st the examination was finally reached. On the one side stood the indicted woman and her friends, on the other District Attorney Henig, Samuel Colgate, President of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and Anthony Comstock. Mr. Brady coolly moved for a dismissal of the complaint. After an interchange of legal argument, Judge Kilbreth denied the motion, and turning to the prisoner, said:

"Mrs. Lohman, you have been examined on the first charge preferred against you, I will now proceed to the second."

Then came the routine questions and answers usual in examination. Her answers were given in a dreamy, uncertain way, until that in reply to the question:

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

She glanced nervously at her Counsel, and then in a hurried and assumed, firm tone, said:

"I have nothing to say."

Then came the formula of putting down the trial for the next general term of the Court. Bail ten thousand dollars. Madame Restell was led into the Sergeant's room, and her Counsel went off in a carriage, to find bail, it was said. But instead, he returned with a writ of *certiorari*, from Judge Donohue, calling upon Judge Kilbreth to show cause why Madame Restell should be thus deprived of her liberty. The writ was served on the Judge, who was very much nettled at it, and Mr. Herring denounced it as an unprofessional feature, to thus trick the Court. The Counsel's own reply, was, to produce another writ from the Supreme Court, upon the Sergeant, Williams, to produce Mrs. Lohman in that Court.

Judge Kilbreth had, by this time, recovered from his surprise, and seating himself, he said firmly:

"The prisoner is in *my* custody, not the Sergeant's. She is suspected of a crime, and on these grounds she is *by me* committed to the Tombs."

And, taking up his pen, the Judge made out the commitment.

Mr. McKinley protested, and said:

"I have this writ, then, to serve on Sergeant Williams the moment he takes her into custody.

"Ah, your Honor," remarked the astute Mr. Comstock, with a complacent smile, "I think I can help this matter. If you please, hand the commitment to Officer Sheldon instead of the Sergeant."

This completely flanked McKinley, and he denounced Comstock's interference with the duties of the Court. Attorney Herring said:

"I move, your Honor, that the prisoner be placed in the custody of Officer Sheldon."

Another wordy conflict ensued, the final result of which, was, that in the custody of another officer, the prisoner was taken at once before Judge Donohue, of the Supreme Court.

Here the war was resumed. But Judge Donohue fully decided, in reply to her Counsel's earnest appeal:

"I only know her as an ordinary criminal. And I propose to treat this case the same as any habeas corpus case brought before me."

The final result was, that the prisoner was placed in the custody of the Sheriff, who charged Major Quincy with her safe keeping till the following Tuesday.

Upon that day the case was proceeded with before Judge Donohue. A decision was not reached, and the case went over to the following Thursday, when the writ was dismissed and the prisoner remanded to the custody of the Court. Then her indefatigable Counsel made a motion for a reduction of bail, not only before Judge Lawrence, but before Judge Sutherland. But, after all the battling of her Counsel, Judge Kilbreth was sustained in every point. The District Attorney then stated he would accept her own bond in five thousand and the other bondsman, besides which he required her to deposit ten thousand dollars in U. S. bonds in his office. This was all done after a number of necessary formalities, and the prisoner was free—until the trial should commence, on April first. But we all know that never came. All fools' day dawned on the lifeless body of the prisoner lying in her bath tub in her brown stone palace.

The Court assembled, and all the participants of the former hearings, were, with an expectant audience, awaiting the coming of the prisoner. In vain! a despatch was handed to the Judge, announcing the suicide. At first, on account of the day, some thought it was a silly hoax. But this notion was soon dispelled officially. There remained nothing but to enter the event on the record, and drop the case, which was accordingly done.

"*Nolle pross'd* by Death," as one of the lawyers remarked.

## DOWN THE PAST.

As we have stated in the previous part of this narrative, Madame Restell was an innocent, merry country girl, and none of those who knew her at the age of nineteen, would have ever believed that she and the old

woman of sixty-five, who had attained such an awful notoriety, were ~~one~~ and the same individual

It shows how carefully young people should look to their footsteps in early life, yes, and at every part of their life journey. Restell was a widow before she took the final steps, which, while in conjunction with her second husband, led her to enormous wealth, still they led her, also, to that dreadful abyss, over which she at last flung herself into eternity.

It has been truly said that this woman held in her possession, the keys to the skeleton closet of secrets of the high-toned families, not only of New York, but also of others scattered all over the United States and Canada.

People of respectable standing would send their daughters and sisters, travelling for the benefit of their health, but, in reality, they would be sent to take up their abode with the Madame, either in her house or in the hotel which was built on the adjoining lot of ground.

There these unfortunates, or wild creatures, as the case might be, would remain until they could safely return home without suspicion. In the event of so expressing a desire, the infant could accommodately be "*adopted out*," that is, they would never be troubled either with or about it.

Oh, how horrible a suspicion does this cause! Were they *all* adopted! Poor little innocents! Oh, what mothers! and what relatives, who could thus bargain with the abortionist, to have the helpless little being, its veins filled with their own blood, its very features being the impress of themselves, "*adopted out*!"

'They might as well have said, "we don't care whether it lives or dies, we'd rather it would die. But we don't care either way. Do just as you choose about it. Only we don't want to hear of it again."

They were always assured in the most solemn manner, that their secret was safe in the tomb, and they gradually, it seemed, grew to have confidence in her. As to her charges, sometimes a fee of five thousand dollars would be an ordinary one, yet according to the wealth of the victim. But not in money alone, did the snare work to her advantage, but also in influence to secure the abortionist from harm in a legal aspect. And once in the meshes of her seine, they felt it was impossible to get away. One of the papers in New York, truly remarked, that hundreds of fashionables quaked, when they heard that Comstock had taken hold of her, because they knew he would not let go, till his object was accomplished. And they dreaded that when she would find herself driven to the wall, and they afraid to help her, there would be some State's evidence about their affairs, and all the skeletons would be brought out to public view. So when it was announced that she was dead, they breathed

Acely, and felt that the sword of Damocles had been taken away from over their heads. At the time of the Beecher Tilton affair, there were many rumors about that party and their friends, in regard to her, but we are satisfied that they were nothing more than gratuitous slanders on all concerned, and therefore will not refer to them. That case has already done harm enough to the public mind, though, like a chronic cancer, it seems again about to discharge its horrible humor.

The young lady from Philadelphia, to whom we referred, was very beautiful and spirited, with a fashionable education, and rather wild in disposition, though naturally a good girl. Not knowing the gentle restraint of a kind and loving mother, she was unfitted to encounter the arts and wiles of an unprincipled admirer. The father was engaged, like many others, in the pursuit of wealth, and did not pay that strict attention which he should have done, to his daughter. He depended on an old governess, a querrulous, harsh lady, who repelled rather than attracted her charge. The consequence was a natural one; the lovers soon found means to evade and deceive her. Then came the old story, a deserted, distracted girl, an absconded scoundrel, and a fierce, revengeful, father, who held his child responsible for the disaster instead of himself.

The unfortunate daughter was hurried off to New York, and there turned over to the keeping of the Madame. How many years have flown since then. We do not know whether she is living or dead. If the former, she must be an old woman now.

Of course, poor thing, she was broken hearted, but in spite of all entreaties, she refused to be attended in the manner her father desired, making the constant reply:

"Oh, no! Heaven knows I am not bad. I have been deceived, cruelly deceived, and I alone have to bear the shame and the heart-burning of my inadvertent sin. But I swear before Heaven, rather than add this crime upon my soul, I'll die. There! kill me, if you like, but you shall never induce me to do this."

Thus the brave girl defied them both, and in the due course of time, she clasped to her heart a sweet little baby boy.

"Oh, darling little stranger," she would murmur, as she kissed the wee, pink cheek. I will live and repent for your sake, and you shall remind me always of the past. You shall be the angel to lead me up to Heaven, to keep me from falling into the abyss, which might otherwise swallow me up."

How little the fond young mother dreamed of the plot which had been laid by her inexorable father, and which was soon to be developed. The baby was but a month old, now, and one night its mother felt a peculiar drowsiness coming over her after supper. She could not account for it, but she had a dread of it, and did her best to shake it off. Tighter did

she clasp her arms about her baby, for somehow or other, the impression was with her, that, if she fell asleep, she would lose her child.

Her struggle was a futile one, however, and presently she was in a stupor. Then there glided to her bedside, a female figure, who, quickly throwing the helpless mother's arms from about the baby, picked up the latter, and wrapping it up, hastened from the room, and gave it to a man who was waiting down stairs for it. He immediately left the house, entered a close carriage, and was driven off.

The next morning the mother awoke to find herself robbed of her baby. As soon as she could, she arose, and, putting on her wrapper, hurried to the Madame's room. There she found her, and said :

"I have come down for my baby, why did you take it out of the room?"

"Oh, don't bother about your baby. What do you want with a baby, any how? It would only be a trouble to you."

"That is no matter of yours," retorted the young mother, "you don't have the trouble with it. You get well paid for what you do."

"Your father don't want you to have that baby."

"I don't care what my father says!" exclaimed the mother, in a fury, "I want my baby!"

"Well, you can't have your baby! I adopted it out to a strange lady!"

A wild cry escaped the unfortunate mother's lips, and she sank upon a lounge, and buried her face in her hands. In a few moments, she sprang to her feet, and approaching her companion, who remained as cool as though nothing were happening, said:

"I will leave this house at once."

It was now the former's turn to become excited, or, rather, nervous, for there was a terrible calmness in the young mother's manner; a calmness that meant danger. As she spoke, she turned, and, going out of the room, went up stairs to her own apartment. There she commenced to dress herself in her out-door costume, and while she was thus engaged, the Madame came in and inquired what she intended to do.

"That you'll find out!", replied she.

"You can't go out till your father comes."

"Can't I? Well, I'll show you if I can't go out!" And her eyes fairly flashed fire.

The other saw that violence would do no good with her boarder, and tried reasoning and pacification. Said she:

"You ought not to blame me for what has been done. I did not bring you here, and in what I have done, I have been guided by your father's express wishes and orders. He wanted the child adopted out, and I have done so. You cannot find it, and so you better take my advice, and, at



I'll do it now, while all are asleep!" she said fiercely.

1. „Jetzt will ich es thun; sie schlafen Alle," sagte sie entschlossen.



any rate wait till you see your father. I will write to him at once, and tell him to come here to see you immediately."

This seemed to have a quieting effect on the young mother, at least she made believe it did, and sat down.

"Well, I'll wait till father comes, and then if he don't or you don't give me satisfaction about my baby, I'll make the City too hot to hold you. You say you'll send for him right away."

"Very well, do so, and I'll try and be patient till then."

The matter appeared to drop here, and the Madame breathed more freely. But she did not, with all her shrewdness, read her boarder's character, for the pretended submission was only a ruse. That same afternoon, the Madame went out on business, and the moment the front door was closed upon her, her young boarder hurriedly dressed herself again, and, ere anybody could prevent her, she was also in the street. She directed her steps to a Magistrate's Office, and entered her complaint in due form, made her affidavit, and had a search warrant issued, for she suspected that her baby had really been killed.

She returned to the house. The Madame was yet out, but when she came back, there were the officers of the law ready for her. She was exceedingly indignant at the turn affairs had taken, and she threateningly shook her finger at her boarder, who scornfully laughed at her, as she replied:

"You're a sly fox, but you could not deceive me."

In those days, as we have said, there was no legal danger to any one for merely having in their possession either drugs or instruments for producing abortion, and so the finding of these things did not worry the proprietress of the house. Presently the Officer took a lamp, and going to the kitchen, raised a trap door that led down into the cellar.

"What do you want there?" exclaimed the proprietress.

"To see if there are any babies' graves there!" hissed the young mother, speaking for the Officer.

"Shall I hold the lamp for you sir?" This to the searcher.

"Oh, no, you just stay where you are. I will carry it, and find all I wish to," was the reply.

As the light and its bearer disappeared down the trap, the Madame said:

"Oh, you hussey, you! This is a pretty, dirty trick you've played on me! I wish I had never seen your face."

"You'll wish that more so before I'm done with you!" replied the other in cold, determined tones. "I guess I'll step down and help."

The next moment she, too was in the cellar, pulling tubs and benches, pots and tin boilers hither and thither. With a keen, woman's scrutiny, she examined every nook and corner. In a corner were small piles of old

bottles. Here and there, among these, was one with a dusty cork in it.

These she pulled out, and turned whatever of the partial contents they had, out upon the cellar earth, and making some sharp remark about them so that the Madame could hear her. In another corner was a peculiarly shaped piece of wire, which had rusted nearly all away. Near it was a small knife and some silk cord. On the opposite side, near the coal bin, was a little bundle of linen rags, stained with some red or brown liquid, which the dampness had caused to feel moist. This she undid, but there was nothing in them but greese, so she threw them down. Her companion poked in the coal; there was nothing there. Next a slight mound in the middle of the floor, attracted attention, and with the shovel it was dug. But, finding it had not been disturbed, but was evidently the natural shape of the hard earth, the digging was given up.

The search was fruitless, after all, and was discontinued.

Upon the warrant of arrest, the Madame was taken before the Magistrate, bound over, and as we have recorded, she was sentenced to a year in the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

We have already referred to Restell's affection for her grand-children, to the oldest of which she willed the great bulk of her enormous wealth. At the time she resolved to erect a monument over the grave in her lot, at the Tarrytown Cemetery. To show the steel-like character of the woman, she sent for the sculptor, who, when he arrived, found that she had taken a dead baby, laid it on a cradle mattress, and fixed it in exactly the position she wished, with the corner of a quilt thrown across the body so as to expose certain parts of it to view. After a little conversation with the artist, the latter began to express his opinion as to what he would do. She interrupted him almost fiercely, with the words:

"Now sir, I'm obliged to you for your suggestions, but it's got to be done the way I want it."

"O very well, Madame," was the reply, "it shall be so."

The monument was made, accordingly, on the model of the dead child, as it was there, and in due course of time, it was placed in the lot at Tarrytown. It is very odd and beautiful, and is enclosed within heavy slabs of the finest French plate glass, as clear as crystal. On one side is inscribed:

Hush, tread lightly, our child is sleeping ;  
 Her life on earth is o'er ;  
 Vacant hearts at home are weeping,  
 She sleeps to wake no more.

On the other panels are cut the names and ages, dates of birth and death of the two little ones, buried beneath.

A philosopher might argue, that a mind naturally affectionate, but soured and distorted by bitter experience in life, might become centered in its love upon one or two objects, and yet be bitterly cruel and murderous toward others. It is a great blessing, indeed, that there are but few of such characters, for they are nothing but human tigers and hyenas.

The career of Restell furnishes food for serious thought, as to where the nation is drifting. As the individual mother is, so will be the family, and as the individual family, so will the nation be. It is appalling, when we know that thousands upon thousands of mothers, who have learned and resort to the vile tricks—the “crime against nature,” taught, or rather made fashionable by Restell and others of her class. Let us repeat, with all possible solemnity, what we have said against this horrible crime, in the earlier portion of this work. Let us execrate those who would excuse and palliate such wickedness.

There was a Professor in New York City, who, the Sunday after Restell's death, delivered a discourse in one of the public halls, in which he actually defended Restell and her pernicious practices; because, as he said, there were members of church who did the self-same thing, highly respectable people. He added, that he could name a certain fashionable minister, who had knowingly permitted his wife to do the very act, and then defended it on the ground of morality, and necessity. If so, he should have denounced that minister by name, for such a shepherd as that, is worse than a wolf in the flock. A minister of God's holy gospel! Frightful thought! It is enough to make an honest man's heart tremble for his children, to think of such a thing. But we care not how holy his character, he should be dragged from his polluted pulpit, and his carcass given to the fowl birds that feed on fetid flesh. He is no longer to be tolerated among really respectable people, even the poorest and most lowly in station.

It does seem as if what is called the upper crust of society, has become awfully immoral, not only so, but that the middle classes are beginning to be contaminated by the leprosy of immorality. Should it ever spread to the poorer strata of society, then farewell to the whole fabric of the American nation, for it is doomed.

Fathers should take warning in time, mothers should also take warning. The former should inculcate in the hearts of their sons, the necessity for a pure and upright life, for a manly assumption of their future marital relations, and a love for virtue. The latter, even more sternly, should teach their daughters, that they should look forward to the bearing of their portion of life's duties, and that God will surely hold them responsible for neglect or criminal avoidance thereof.

Years have gone by since we issued the foregoing history of the secret life and doings of that human vampire, Madam Restell ; and her memory, like her dust, was crumbling away into forgetfulness, when one day lately a lady entered with the book in her hand.

After introducing the subject and conversing in a general way, she finally said :

“Well, I have no doubt you think it curious to have a lady call to see you about this ; but you will no longer think so when I tell you that unfortunately I was one of the principal actors in a portion of that terrible life, which the author of your little book describes with such intense vividness. I am Mary Appelgate !”

It was most assuredly a startling surprise to hear this avowal of identity on the part of our visitor ; but when we remembered her positiveness of disposition on the memorable occasion when her infant daughter had been taken from her by force, our surprise measurably abated.

“My life since then,” continued our visitor, “has been spent in trying to accomplish one and only one object.”

“Did you ever succeed in getting your little girl back?” inquired we, as she paused.

“Ah !” exclaimed she, burying her face in her hands and bursting into tears, “how did you know ? Did anybody ever tell you of my hunt ?”

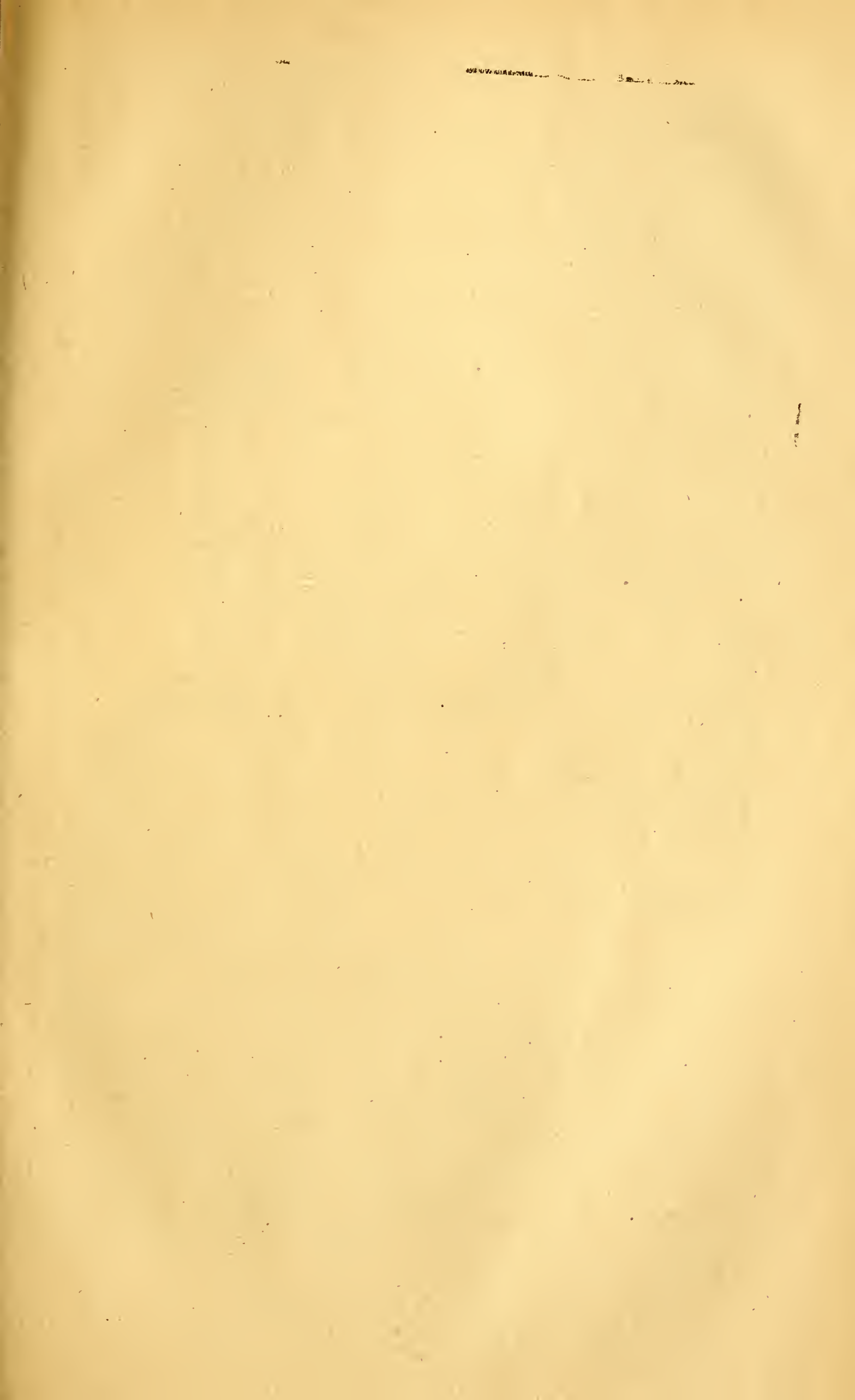
“No,” we explained, “but it was the first thought that came into mind when you just now mentioned your name.”

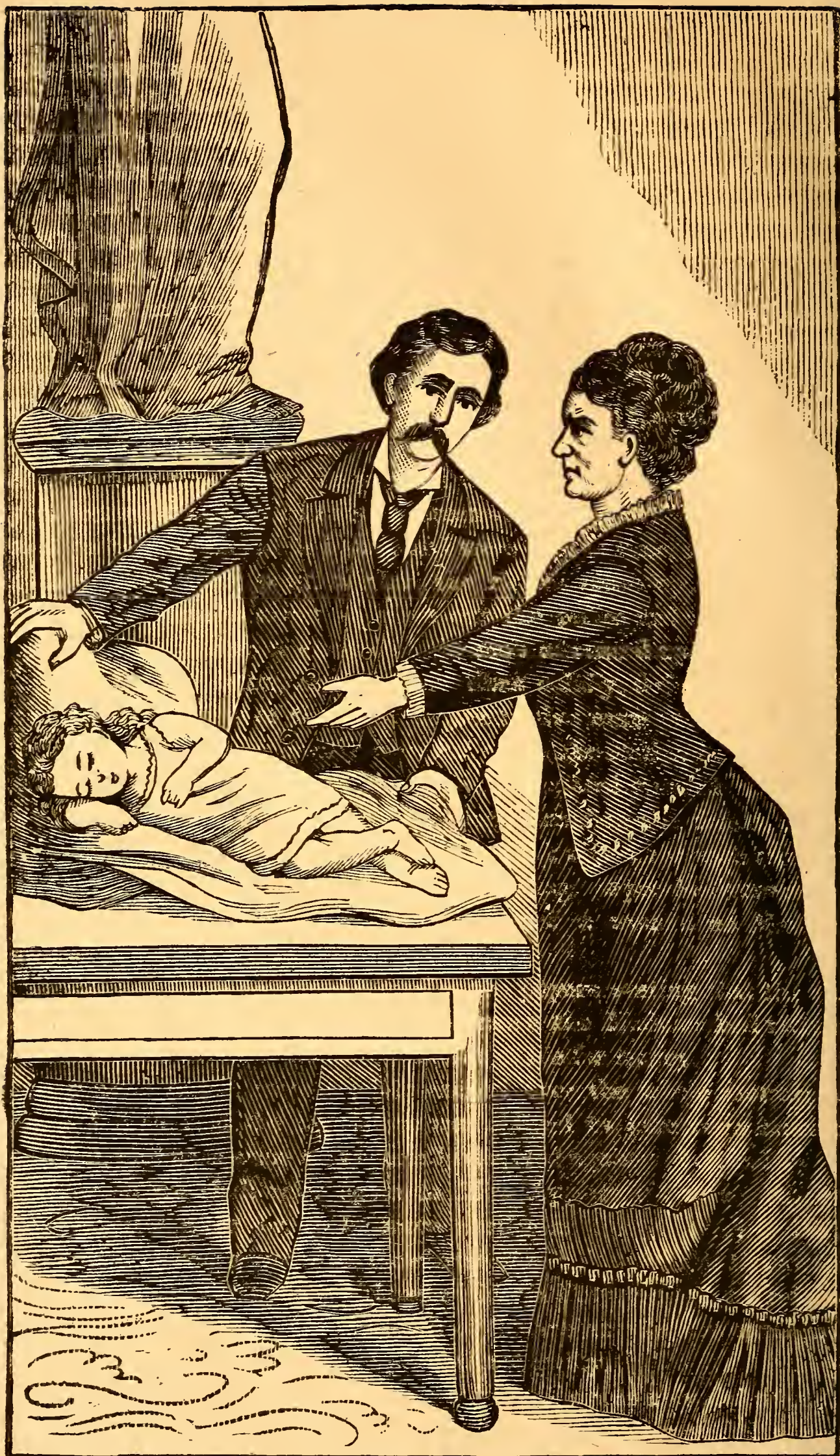
“And that is just what has brought me to see you to-day. It is rather a long story, but I hope you will have patience with me while I tell you, and then I think, or at least I do hope, you will help me in my object, which is to find my child.”

“Most certainly, Miss Appelgate, both the one and the other ; your search through all these years shows the noblest devotion of a true mother’s heart. So not only shall we listen to it, but we will send it broadcast all over the country, and who knows but that may be a means of discovering the whereabouts of your little one—though, as you say, she must be quite a woman now.”

“God bless you for your kind words, and now let me correct one error in the book you issued at the time. You said a little boy, but it was a girl. After I had Madam Restell arrested, my father sent me to Peekskill to board with a farmer’s family there, and promised to at once cause a search to be made for my baby.”

“What was its name ?” we inquired without thinking. Otherwise the question would not have been asked, for, with a scarlet blush, Miss Appelgate replied :





"It has got to be done my way!" said she, pointing to the child.  
*Es mag geschehen wie ich will! Das sage ich!" und sie zeigte auf das Kind.*

‘It had no name ; but I just called it ‘Darling,’ and I don’t think I would ever call her any other name if I found her, though, no doubt, somebody else has given her a name. Oh ! sir, sometimes my heart feels like as though it must break when I think of everything. Why is it that women must always bear the brunt of everything and endure all the suffering and odium ? But, no use in mourning over the unjust cruelty of the world. Father kept his promise faithfully, and did all that money could do to trace the woman to whom Madam Restell had given up my child. That villainous old wretch, when he went to her and explained to her his errand, said to him :

“ ‘All right, but not a single clue will I give you till you pay for the loss and misery that girl of yours has cost me.’

“ ‘How much do you ask ?’

“ ‘Not a penny less than five thousand dollars cash down—no checks—but the crisp currency. It ought to be ten thousand, but I’ll take five. No difference to me whether you come to terms or not. And even if you do, I won’t insure your getting the child back. You see, when proud parents employ me to save their daughters from disgrace, and to rid them of the disagreeable consequences of their peccadilloes, I act faithfully for them. So, when I give the babies away its the same to me as if I stood on the deck of a steamer in the middle of the ocean, in the middle of the night, and dropped them into the water. Therefore I’ll be honest with you and tell you that for your five thousand dollars I can only put you on a trace, and nothing more.’

“Of course, father could not get the money till bank hours the next day, and the next night he took it to her. She then told him all she knew about the woman who got my precious child. But after tracing her for some time he lost her in Cincinnati.

“From there he returned home, and, shortly afterwards was stricken with paralysis, and had me brought home also, forgave me for all the disgrace and sorrow I had caused him, and died in my arms.

“He also left me his money, and much of that I have spent in the thus-far vain search. But, oh, sir, I would willingly give every penny of all I have left, and work hard the rest of my life to once again clasp my child to my aching heart. I often wonder if I shall be forgiven above as my poor, dear father forgave me, and as the Saviour forgave Mary Magdalene. Every day, every hour of my life has been one of sincere, contrite repentance.

“I often compare myself to Hester Vaughan of the Scarlet Letter story. But she had the consolation of being with her child, while I have not. Oh, but that gnaws at my heart night and day like a canker-worm and, like Cain, I am sometimes ready to cry out, ‘My punishment is greater than I can bear !’ ”

"Perhaps Providence is only disciplining you, and will yet bring you and your daughter together again, so that the supreme happiness of that re-union may fully compensate for your long years of patient suffering. Then, again, did it ever occur to you that she may possibly not be living?"

A wild cry of anguish from Miss Appelgate was the reply to this suggestion. "My Darling dead? Oh, no! no! She is somewhere! Somewhere in this great, wide, wide world, and some day—some day I will—I will see her and clasp her to my bosom once again. Once again!" she added after a pause, and speaking in almost a whisper, "once again I do that, then I can lie down and die in peace and happiness."

Again she became silent, and then in a bright, hopeful manner said:

"Oh, yes, I feel now that I shall find her. With the help you have just promised I feel that she and I will be re-united—and then, then we will never be parted again, and I will be so happy! so happy! so happy!"

"Well, now, let us speak practically," suggested we. "Are there any marks about her body by which she could be identified?"

"Yes, on the left arm just above the elbow, on the side of the arm next the body."

"What are they, and we will print a description in the book."

"No! please do not do that. I will gladly tell you what they are, but do not print them. I tried putting them in advertisements in the 'Personal' column of newspapers, and received replies from dishonest people, who had the marks tatooed on some girl's arm and then endeavored to palm it off on me. But when I looked for another mark which I had put on the body, it was not there. So I quickly discovered the cheat. Please say where the marks are on the arm, and if a description is sent I will go to the place and see if the bearer of them is my poor, lost darling. And when I find her—oh, I fear my heart will almost break with joy. And reward—a hundred? Yes, I would gladly give ten times that and the gratitude of a whole lifetime besides."

"Well, Miss Appelgate, you are a thousand times welcome to whatever we can do to help discover the whereabouts of your child. Your case reminds us strongly of the Charlie Ross affair; but may heaven vouchsafe you a different ending from that."

Tears rolled down the cheeks of our visitor as she bade us good-bye in a voice trembling with emotion, and we feel that every reader will share with us the hope that she may soon hear of her lost dear one.

## MISS ALDEN'S ESCAPE.

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ONE night as officer Tarelton was patrolling his beat up town, his attention was attracted by the figure of a young woman who was walking close in to the walls of the houses in the avenue. The peculiarity of her motion, so suspicious, caused him at once to hasten toward her. He did not accost her immediately but following her own motions kept himself in the shadow of the houses, taking care not to remove his eyes from her, however.

Presently he saw the woman go up the steps of a building and kneel up on the top stone and peer—as he thought at the key-hole. Now to a police man even the ordinary action of every body out late at night becomes suspicious, but if it comes to such extraordinary motions as these, well he *knows* his services as Paul Pry are needed. Tarelton already had a record as a keen brave officer and this record being at stake he hesitated no longer, but starting on a dead run he was in a moment or two at the young woman's side, and demanded of her in no gentle tone, "Here! what are you about?"

She looked up, and in the dim light of the stars and distant gas lamps seeing his uniform, she exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, you are an officer! I am so glad. I now have nothing to fear. I am looking for Mr. Talmadge's house."

"Come, come, now, young woman," said he in a warning tone of voice, "that may be so, but you've been acting so mighty queer that I think you're trying to give me taffey."

"Sir?" asked she in astonishment.

The officer had purposely used this bit of slang to see if she understood it. But either she was acting a part most excellently or else she knew nothing of the terms in use by thieves. So he altered his manner to one of less harshness and continued;

"Miss, I've no doubt you are all right; but the hour is late and when we see people keeping in the dark parts of the side walk and then peeping in keyholes of front doors it looks suspicious, and we want explanations that will be satisfactory. And without we get them our orders as well as our duty are to take em in to the station. Now you say you want to find Mr. Talmadge's house. If you mean the minister of the Tabernacle, then he don't live here, nor noways near here."

The young woman seemed to perceive in an instant the dangerous predicament in which she had placed herself by her apparently questionable manner and actions and so for a moment or two she felt most terribly frightened.

"What did you want with Mr. Talmadge, anyway?" inquired Tarelton, feeling undecided what to do or ask, although his official instinct made him feeling like arresting his trembling companion.

"I wanted to tell him the story of my escape from the Oneida Free Love place up in the state."

This reply rather discomposed the officer than otherwise, for while it might be only one of the thousand and one trumped-up stories which come so glibly to the tongues of rogues, there was something in the tones in which it was uttered that made him feel that quite possibly the speaker was telling the truth.

"Your escape from the Oneida Free Love Community!" he answered, "well now what do you suppose Mr. Talmadge would want to know about that subject? Do you think he would like it because he's been showing up the dens in the city, and unmasking hypocrites in high life here. Because if you do I don't believe he'd care to meddle with it. I guess he has had about enough of that. But look here young lady I've got to do my duty. Will you tell me where you live? If I had seen you walking along like any other body does when she goes hunting a minister's house I should not have said a word to you, but when you went along the way you were agoing, dodging in and out just like burglars' pals do, why I felt I ought to look after you."

"Oh dear me! oh sir, I never dreamed of such a thing. Why I am not a burglar. And the reason I was dodging in and out was because I have been afraid of my life for a long time. If you will go with me I will quickly prove to you that what I tell you is the truth."

There was something about this reply that convinced the experienced

officer that his companion was really truthful in her assertions and he said :

"All right, Miss, you must excuse me, and if you want to find out Mr. Talmadge's address, you will find it in the directory down at the drugstore on the corner there. What or who is it you say you are afraid of your life about? Some man I suppose."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, why don't you swear it against him?"

"What do you mean by that, sir?" required the girl.

"Ah, I do believe you are a green one," laughed the officer as he stepped back a pace and contemplated the other. "I do believe you are a real country girl. What I mean is why don't you go to a magistrate and have this man, whoever he is that you are afraid of, bound over, put under bail, give security, which ever you choose, so that he won't touch you?"

"Can I do that?"

"Yes, to be sure you can."

"And that would make me safe from all danger at his hands?"

"I don't know of any safer method. I don't believe he'd want to bother you any after that. It most always settles off these chaps that takes to misusing the women folks."

"But he is rich and I am poor, and besides, I would be ashamed to go to law. It is always so disgraceful for people to go to law."

"That depends on which side you're on," replied Tarelton. "Now, if you be a plaintiff, why it's all honorable enough; but if you be the defendant then it aint. But for all, whether the one or the other, you hardly ever know which way the see-saw is going to throw you. And sometimes I've seen cases where the plaintive was a good deal worse off than the defendant! Well, here we are at the drug store. I'll stay out and you can go in and look at the directory."

The two had involuntarily walked along while they conversed, until they now stood upon the pavement in front of the apothecary.

"They won't think it queer of me will they, if I ask them to let me do such a thing as look at their directory?" inquired the young woman.

"Oh, my goodness gracious! no! not at all!" laughed the policeman, "why everybody does that when they want to find anybody's else address and don't know it."

The young woman thereupon entered the druggist's and having ascertained what she wished, came out, and told the officer what it was.

"Oh," said he, "you are a long way off from that I can tell you."

"Then I better go home, I guess," said she.

"Yes, I think you had."

She then told him where she lived on east Eighth street.

"Why," exclaimed he, "that's exactly where I live myself, or at least not half a block away."

"Ah, then I am glad of that," she replied, "for I shall feel safe in walking back there with you sir."

"Yes, but I am not going there. I can't leave my beat," said the policeman, "but," added he, "I can give you in charge of the man on the next beat, and he can pass you safely along till you get right to the door."

"Oh, I shall be ever so much obliged to you sir, if you will," was her reply, "or at least till I get to the house of a lady I met today, and who was very kind to me, and by whose advice I came to seek Mr. Talmadge."

"Ah, who was she?"

"Her name was Mrs. Tarelton—"

"Why! bless my soul! interrupted the policeman that's my wife!"

"Your wife!" reiterated the girl, "your wife! what a strange coincidence."

The officer at once became completely friendly to the young stranger and said:

"It's all right, Miss, I am satisfied. Two blocks below is the end of my beat, and I'll give you in charge there and you'll be all right. And don't forget, whatever I or my wife can do for you will be done with the greatest pleasure. Here! there! what do you mean? eh?" exclaimed Tarelton in a gruff, stern voice, slipping to the other side of his companion, and seizing a burly fellow who had come across the street and peered into the face of the young lady, who tremblingly clung to her friend and protector.

"Is this the man who has been scaring you so?" asked the latter, tightening his grasp and drawing his club, as the prisoner seemed disposed to wrench himself loose. "Come! come! no nonsense with me you know! What do you mean?"

"I didn't mean nothin! I seen you had copped the gal, an' I thought mebbey she wuz one of my friends an' I wanted to bail her ef she wuz!"

"No, sir, he is not the man," said the girl.

Upon this the officer released his prisoner, who strode away into the darkness, in a fury, and threatening to get even with the policeman for assault and false arrest. But that worthy only laughed and said:

"Oh, these roughs like to hear themselves talk! that's the way they let themselves down easy like. But come," said he after a pause, "here

we are, and I must leave you. What did you say your name was? you didn't tell me I think."

"My name is Jenny Alden," was the modest reply.

"Well, Jenny, I'm glad you fell in with me, for I tell you New York is a dangerous place for a pretty young girl to be walking round in after night fall. Here, Joe!"

This exclamation was addressed to another policeman who was patrolling on the other corner.

"Hallo! Tarelton, what's up?"

"Nothing but I want you to see this young lady across to Harry's beat. She has lost her way and lives within a block of my house. Who's on next to Harry?"

"I don't know."

"Well tell Harry to see that Miss Alden here is passed all right."

Joe, a stalwart man, and quite genteel in his bearing raised his cap and offered Jenny his arm.

She took it with such an innocent freedom and yet so modestly as Tarelton bade her good night, that he could not help, smiling and said:

"You're not used to city life, I should say, Miss."

"No, sir, I was never in New York before, but how do you know that?"

"From your manner."

"Then I'm behaving awkwardly, I suppose."

"No, not at all, but you see we policemen get so we can tell a stranger in an instant almost, as soon as we see them."

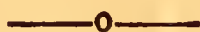
"Mr. Tarelton was telling me it is a dangerous place here. But I don't see how that can be, when there are so many policemen. I'm sure I have seen at least ten as I came along this evening."

"Well it is such a place that we have over two thousand policemen, and even with all those, there's a great deal of iniquity goes on that we can never stop nor prevent."

The two thus conversed pleasantly until the next patrol was reached when our heroine was given in charge to him, and he taking her across his beat delivered her safely to the next. In this way she speedily reached her home in Eighth street. The next day she went to see Mrs. Tarelton, whose husband was home off duty. And to the latter she repeated her story but with fuller details than she had to the wife.

We here interrupt our narrative to insert in it an account of a meeting of ministers called at Syracuse, New York, to agitate public opinion concerning the suppression of the Oneida Communists. We merely give our opinion individually when, after reading about the meeting, we say that while the actual life of these people among themselves may be harmless

to them and from their stand point, the example it sets to the people surrounding them is a bad one. A Community of unclean lepers shut up in a city of refuge by themselves may require no looking after, no restraint, may live and even enjoy themselves. But if they be allowed to be close to other people how long will it be before the whole nation becomes leprous? The Oneida Free Lovers point to the Mormons of Utah and say the United States Government allow them representation in Congress. Alas! we know it! we acknowledge the burning shame! but, with the help of the Lord, we shall cauterize the vile sore from the body politic in a few years. And we shall tolerate no Utah in the beautiful valleys of the East here. God forbid that the golden band—the wedding ring shall ever bind but one loving, trusting woman to a man. Oh, mother! you whose white hair scantily covers temples once fair and unwrinkled, shall your loving heart be broken in the Autumn of your days, by such practices? Oh, daughter, fair budding, thoughtless girl! shall your sweet dream of hope—the winning of one noble manly heart—be clouded by the dread that some day you will be cast aside as no longer attractive. Thank Heaven, no! There are all sorts of wickedness in this world, but let us keep it within its boundaries, and see that that it does not break through the restraining banks and deluge all the land with its reeking tides.



### THE MINISTERS MEETING.

A movement was organized in Syracuse which has for its object the eradication of the Oneida Community. The head and front of the crusade is Dr. J. W. Mears, of Hamilton College. The first steps were taken at a former meeting held at the Syracuse University. In response to a call, in which reference is made to the great wrong done society by the institution known as the Oneida Community, from its deadly opposition to the principles of morality, about fifteen ministers of the Gospel responded to the invitation. Among these were Bishop Huntington, of the Episcopal diocese of Central New York; Bishop Peck, of the Methodist Church; Chancellor Haven, of the University; Dr. Mears, of Hamilton College; Rev. James Porter, of Brooklyn, Congregationalist, Rev. Miner and nearly all the local clergymen of the various denominations. The movement has been developing for a long time. Dr. Mears stated it before the Utica Presbytery a year ago, and was appointed chairman

of a committee to collect information as to the practices of the Community.

At simultaneous meetings of the General Association of the Congregational Church and a Synod of the Presbyterian Church, held at Oswego last October, resolutions denouncing the Community were passed. The Presbyterians called it a "pernicious institution, which rests substantially on a system of organized fanaticism and lust." Bishop Huntington, in his last Lenten pastoral letter, condemned the Community in good round terms. Outside of this the movement has slumbered until to-day, when it assumed something like a formidable aspect. Each person who entered the University to day was handed a copy of the *American Socialist*, the Community organ, which bristled with editorial and other articles of a nature calculated to create a favorable sentiment. A boy stood at the door to make the distribution. Its editor, William A. Hinds, was also present, notebook in hand. The assembled divines read the *Socialist* until Chancellor Haven called the Conference to order. On his motion Bishop Huntington was chosen chairman. Bishop Peck offered prayer appropriate to the occasion. Dr. Mears was asked to read the call, with which request he complied, closing with a statement that it was not expected or desired that others than those who had been invited by letter should be present. This was directed at the reporters, who were there in large force, all the New York papers being represented. The gentlemen of the press retired. After the doors were closed and a guard placed thereat the meeting proceeded to business.

Exclusive as were the council they failed to rid the meeting of the presence of a member of the Oneida Community who was there in the guise of a delegate. Editor Hinds left the room with the reporters. The interloper was not discovered, although the precaution was taken to call for the name, residence and faith of every person present. After the call of the roll the chair called on Professor Mears to state what facts were in his possession in regard to the Community. Professor Mears alluded to the first action taken some time ago by the Synod of which he was a member with respect to this local evil, and to the resolutions that were passed at a later date by the State Baptist Association, in harmony with the action of the Synod. Professor Mears then gave a brief sketch of the rise and progress of the institution. The movement was headed by Noyes, a graduate of a college.

He based his theory on the second chapter of Acts, where it is stated that the early Christians had their property in common; but Noyes diverged from the Scriptural view by holding a community of persons as well as of good. Noyes, in college, was a bright student and promised to be a useful man. His communistic movement was started at Poul-

ney, Vermont, in 1847. The people rose against it and Noyes was obliged to flee. He came to this section about thirty years ago. I may say that these people are good citizens, orderly and cleanly in the manner in which they conduct their homes. A similar community was started at Wallingford, Connecticut, but it failed. It did not contain the elements of success that the Oneida Community does. In the Oneida Community men and women live together in a sort of concupiscence. No woman has a husband of her own, and no man has a wife of his own. They declare that they live the resurrection life, in which "they neither marry nor are given in marriage." They are not allowed the right of choice. If they violate this rule and show any particular attachment for one another they are criticised for so doing. Noyes has great influence among them. Their institution is the outgrowth of vile passion. A person going through this community sees nothing there to offend. All is secret. Our students who visit the place say that the men look passably well, but that the women have a dejected look, and how such women can be the mothers of an excellent stock of men is one of the problems which the students discuss. Three or four years ago a similar community was started in the Northeastern part of this State. The Oneida Community has its location in the very centre of the State. I did not know but that we were to have the State clothed with these communities. That Northern Community, however, has been sold out. Whatever can be done ought to be done in New York as it was in Vermont for the sake of the morals of the State.

Chancellor Haven asked whether the women ever leave their precinct? The answer was, "Not much, if at all." Dr. Fowler asked whether Professor Mears thought the leaders in the Community were sincere in comparison with the Mormon leaders? He replied, "I presume they are. Noyes says the Community would be a failure without the present method of social intercourse." Dr. Fowler—Is it dying out?

Professor Mears—It shows no signs of it. Professor Mears added that they are educating their young men so as to perpetuate their institution. One or more have been at Yale College. The total value of their property is about \$500,000 or \$600,000, according to their estimate.

Bishop Huntington said "this is not an isolated community. It should be shown in the light. There is an impure emanation from it. Young people go there and return with these impure thoughts and associations in their minds."

At this point Dr. Porter, of Hamilton, read a letter from Congressman Baker, in which the writer states that it is a disgrace to the United States that a Mormon delegate should be admitted to Congress from Utah, and that it is a disgrace to New York that such a community as this is allowed

to exist in the State. The speaker held that this system is a foul blot on civilization.

Bishop Peck indorsed the view given that the exigencies of this particular time demand that we do something. He indorsed Congressman Baker's letter. This meeting should have succession and permanence. We should neither look for sudden success nor ultimate failure. The evil is too deep seated to be easily eradicated. It is in the hands of sagacious men. The method of treatment must be moral and Scriptural. If the Community stood alone without sympathy from the outside public, and with less sagacious leaders, it might be overcome by a popular uprising. Hot headed men will do us no good in this work. The opposition must be soundly Scriptural.

The following resolutions were introduced:—

Resolved, That it is the urgent duty of the people of the State to take and press measures for the suppression of the immoral features of the Oneida Community.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed, to whom shall be committed all questions of fact or law relating to the Oneida Community and of measures which ought to be adopted, and to report at a future conference which the committee will call.

Bishop Huntington was appointed chairman of the committee, with instructions to associate with himself Dr. Beard, of Syracuse, and Dr. Mears, of Hamilton College.

Rev. G. M. Pierce, of Utah, editor of the *Rocky Mountain Advocate*, being present, was invited to speak, and he pictured the deplorable social state of the Mormon people.

The Chair called on Mr. L. W. Hall, a prominent member of the Syracuse Bar, to present the legal phase of the question. Mr. Hall said it would naturally be presumed that such offences have been treated elsewhere. Repressive efforts have been taken in Massachusetts and Connecticut against adultery and lascivious cohabitation. In our own State adultery has not been made a penal offence. In regard to this particular case it occurs to me there must be specific legislation. If we can get a moral sentiment aroused, public feeling turned toward Oneida, we will not need severe legislation. If in the statute in regard to disorderly persons the word "all persons living in concupiscence and adultery" were inserted, it would embrace every one in the Oneida Community. Some suppose that it will die out of itself. I think legislation would speed it on its way. Bishop Peck's resolution will cover what we ought to do at this meeting.

The Chair here asked what Congressman Baker means by saying that this is an indictable offence at common law.

Mr. Hall replied that there is a difference of opinion on this point. I do not think that it is an indictable offence as the law stands.

Chancellor Haven proposed that the committee inquire into the law and practice of the Oneida Community and into the feeling of citizens of the State without saying anything about suppression. He had no doubt that it is the wish of Christian people to arouse the feeling of the people against this system. Bishop Huntington was right in saying that it diffuses an impure sentiment. He would like the committee to inquire what is the duty of Christians and citizens. If they tell us we ought to express our opinion and stop we will do that. If they tell us we should petition the Legislature we will probably do that. He thought that in the resolutions they should not assume what they were going to do. He did not want a committee to tell them how they ought to suppress it.

Dr. Torrey agreed with Chancellor Haven's views. He thought more decisive action should be taken. He wished every man, woman and child to understand that there was no doubt as to the immorality of this institution. He thought they should not be afraid to express themselves in unequivocal terms in regard to the Oneida Community. A lively discussion followed on Professor Mears' resolution, which was finally adopted in a slightly modified form. The question then arose whether the members present were pledged to secrecy, and a spirited discussion on the subject ensued. Finally the secretary was instructed to furnish the press with the resolutions adopted, but nothing further.



## AN INTERVIEW WITH AN ONEIDA MAN.

I met J. Humphry Noyes, the acknowledged leader of the Community; but, as he is suffering from an affection of the throat which prevents his indulging in prolonged conversation, directed my interview to William Alfred Hinds, the accomplished editor of the *American Socialist* and author of many works on Communism.

Mr. Hinds cordially welcomed me as the representative of the *Herald* and cheerfully responded to my request for information regarding the views of the Community upon the proposed efforts of the clergy to destroy that body. The result of the interview and replies to my questions was as follows:—

Mr. Hinds—We first heard of the meeting called by Dr. Mears, of Hamilton College, Bishop Huntington and others a day or two ago in

the newspapers. The announcement created no more excitement in our Community than did any of the former agitations of this character, almost the whole ground having been gone over in the sensation of August of last year, which was based upon the misrepresentations and garbled reports of a New York Bohemian.

What originated that excitement?

Mr. Hinds—A report that there were internal dissensions in the Community and the reported secession of ten members of the Community.

This is not the first time that Dr. Mears has agitated this subject?

Mr. Hinds—No, sir. He brought the Community to the attention of the Presbyterian Synod of Central New York and other like bodies a few years ago.

What do you think is the object of the meeting called for Syracuse this week?

Mr. Hinds—We think this is the preliminary to an effort to make the movement against the Community general; an effort to concentrate the views of representatives of the various churches of the State for the purpose of creating public sentiment, if possible, in favor of State legislation against the Community. In fact, Dr. Mears stated this purpose in substance on August 10, 1878, to the editor of the *Utica Herald*, when he said that he "thought if the Community was ever disturbed it would have to be by the passage of a special statute to fit its case. What the prospect of enacting such a law was he could express no opinion. He had visited the Community and been most kindly treated there. He regarded its members as upright men in business life and believed that the founders of the Community were sincere in their peculiar doctrines." In addition to the Presbyterians, the subject of abolishing the Community has been brought before the Methodist and Baptist bodies, but we have no knowledge of any particular action.

A few years ago a committee was appointed by the Presbyterian Synod of Central New York to look into our affairs and suggest some plan for action, but to our knowledge this committee has never made any report. The members never made any formal call here, nor did any of them apply for information, which would have been given cheerfully.

Do you not think that the new Polygamy act of Congress has stimulated Dr. Mears and his confrères to renewed effort?

Mr. Hinds—It has doubtless given live to this movement, but that act has no reference to Communities.

About thirteen years ago, in the last difficulty with a seceder, they tried to get the Community indicted in Oneida county, and for this purpose sought to obtain the services of Counsellor Ward Hunt, of Utica, now Justice Hunt, of the Supreme Court of the United States. After

hearing the man's story Judge Hunt informed us that he did not like the man nor his effort, and he would have nothing to do with him; but, after knowing thoroughly our principles and practices he very willingly espoused our side in the matter, and the effort for indictment was again dropped.

What form of legislation do you anticipate will be sought for against you?

Mr. Hinds—We have no idea as to how they intend to declare our manner of life or the acts of the Community a crime or even a misdemeanor. If the State feels called upon to make special legislation we shall not resist. If the legislation should be of such a character that we felt as if we could not conscientiously conform to it then we might conclude to withdraw from our Community form, or, for instance, turn Shakers. In fact there is a great deal of similarity between Communists and Shakers.

Our Community is a non-proselyting institution. All we ask, and all we have ever asked, is to allow us to go on our peaceful way. We have been quite careful even in our own paper to keep our radical society principles in the background. For a year at least we have not circulated at all any of our publications explaining these peculiar principles. In fact, we have entirely withdrawn them from circulation, and at present have no intention of thrusting them on the public. But supposing these members and self-appointed guardians of social morality should succeed in breaking up the Oneida Community what would be the result? It certainly would have this result:—It would set free a great many people here to go into this very business of proselyting. We have quite a number of writers and speakers who would like no better fun than to spread our principles by lecturing and all means that are usually taken advantage of for such objects. And then these wise men ought to bear in mind that no system ever dies so long as it is subject to persecution. In fact, if these reverends had genuine faith in the good old Gamalian doctrine they would consider that they would do the most service to the world by letting the Community severely alone. "For if this thing be of men it will come to naught; if it be of God, they cannot overthrow it."

Furthermore, it will do no harm to remind the members of this self-constituted conference that they each and all represent sects that are very young in years since the first Methodist was seen in Massachusetts, and Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and all the rest need not go back more than two hundred and fifty years to find that their sects were terrible persecuted by other sects that happened to be in power. We Communists cannot expect, a new system of society, based on a new interpretation of the Scripture, to fare any better than the grandfathers





of the devines who are to met in Syracuse. We probably shall go through some such experience as the Shakers have in this country. Everybody respects them now and speaks well of them, but during the first years of their history they were subject to terrible persecutions, maltraited in various ways, their meetings broken up, property destroyed, their societies threatened with violence, &c. They have lived down the opposition to them, and so has the Oneida Community in its immediate neighborhood. It is only necessary for our permanent peace that the whole State shall come to know us as well as our neighbors do, and the present movement may help us in that respect.

What was the effect of the agitation of last summer?

Mr. Hinds (smiling)—The newspaper notoriety attracted attention in a way that increased the demand for our manufactured products, and so materially helped us. The present agitation may possible result with equal advantage.

You have read the formal call for the meeting. What have you to say as to its assertion?

Mr. Hinds—The call of the reverend gentlemen asserts that the Community is doing "a great wrong to society from its deadly opposition to the principles and practices of Christian morality." What is meant by this we do not quite understand. Certainly our system is an example of good order and temperance. Professor Mears has publicly given us credit for honesty and uprightness in all our dealings. In no instance within our history of thirty years have our practices and principles been thrust upon persons outside to disturb families or create scandal of any kind. This shows at least that we are not disturbers or deadly opponents of Christian morality, as is put forth. As between common marriage and "free love," as it is termed, or any system of sexual morality that has fewer guarantees than marriage, we stand and always have stood with marriage. Although we disclaim any principle of ownership as between man and woman, yet our system, we claim, furnished incomparably better and safer guarantees for the protection of women and the education of children than monogamy. For one individual who may have left our Community on account of disappointment in regard to our peculiar idea of social life several have left because they did not find the sexual freedom they anticipated. Under our system there is no sexual compulsion; every person is at liberty to live a pure Shaker life if he or she choose; in fact, any woman can live apart, as far as sexuality is concerned, from the men if she chooses.

Have you had many accessions from Oneida or vicinity?

Mr. Hinds—In thirty years the accessions have not exceeded five. There have been none from the immediate neighborhood within twenty

five years, except one—the mother of a member who was taken in that she might be cared for in her old age, and she died here.

What of the seceders of last summer?

Mr. Hinds—Three of them have already returned, and still another has applied to return.

How about the health of the children of the Community?

Mr. Hinds—Since September, 1869, including five cases of children who died at or about birth, there have been born in the Community fifty-five children. Of the fifty who survived the perils of birth all are now living. There have been no deaths in the children's department for eight years. The department includes seven children brought in here by their parents, in addition to the fifty born here.

Will the Community be represented at Syracuse?

Mr. Hinds—Some member will probably go to hear what is said if he can obtain admission. Joseph Cook lectures in the evening. He will probably have something to say on the subject.

What is the business of the Community?

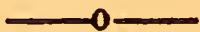
Mr. Hinds—Trap making, silk manufacturing and fruit and vegetable canning. These are carried on mainly by outside people, superintended by Communists.

How many people are there in the Community?

Mr. Hinds—We number about two hundred and seventy-five here and twenty-five at the Wallingford branch.

How many outside people do you employ?

Mr. Hinds—One hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty, according to the season—men, women and boys.



### MISS ALDEN'S NARRATIVE.

The following is the narrative of Miss Alden's experience and adventures as given to Mr. and Mrs. Tareyton.

"I lived about a mile out of Peekskill with my parents. Father was kind and loving in his way to us but dreadful stern; and for the least infraction of his wishes he would severely whip both myself and brother, Ned with a hame strap. Mother used to stand up as much as she could for us but everything had to give way to father, though as I say, if we minded him, he was very kind. But his peculiar temperament made hame anything but happy, as it was a constant dread that we would be

doing something wrong all the time, something he would get displeased about.

One day he took us out on an excursion up the Hudson. Among the rest there was a gentleman—at least he seemed so at the time—named Doyle, who took particular notice of me. He was well dressed, and extremely polite and fascinating, so of course like any foolish girl would do, I fell in love with him. In conversing with him I was quite captivated. The only concern I felt was that perhaps he would not please father and simple like, I informed him of the latter's peculiar disposition. So far from this being an objection to Mr. Doyle he said:

"That is just the kind of a man I like. Yes, give me a sternly honest father and I know then that his daughters and sons are brought up right. Be sure you tell your father this remark of mine, but you needn't tell him I told you to, for he'd think then maybe that I was only flattering him. And he'd not only be angry at me but at you also."

"The excursion passed off very pleasantly, Doyle once in awhile joining father and mother, and making some witty remark and ingratiating himself in their good graces. How little I knew then, how deeply and devilishly that fiendish man was laying his plot and weaving a web around me, for, as I subsequently found out my sorrow, I was really the object of his maneuvering. Before we had parted he and I exchanged promises to write to each other. I did not sleep any that night, nor much for several succeeding nights on account of my thinking constantly of Mr. Doyle. A week from the date of the river party, father received a letter from him of quite a friendly character, and within it a little note for me directed to his care.

"That's the right style of a man!" exclaimed father, after he had read not only his own letter but also the one enclosed to myself.

My heart gave a strange flutter at this, and yet whether it was one of pleasure or not I could not just tell. I felt one thing certain, and this was that there would be no trouble with father making any objections to my beau, for I looked upon Mr. Doyle now as such. Father gave me permission to reply to him and I did so with great pleasure. Never did maiden send a carrier dove on its mission to her knight far away with more hope and anticipation, than I did my little billet to Mr. Doyle. And from the very moment it started I began to be impatient for a reply. I was so curious to know and read what he would write back to me. Both father and mother joked me about my being so lively, and singing all the time. By return of mail I got a letter and I shall never forget my feelings, as after cutting off the end of the envelope, I drew out the folded note sheet, opened it, and beheld a beautifully colored bunch of flowers printed in the upper left hand corner. But when I had finished reading

the closely written lines of admiring friendship and affection I hardly knew, as the saying goes whether I stood on my heels or my head. I do know that for several days thereafter I got myself some little good-natured scoldings from mother for making a simpleton of myself, doing things about the house wrong. But I need not delay by going over everything in detail that happened during the next few months. So I shall only say that in that time Mr. Doyle had paid us many visits, and while I had learned to love and trust him implicitly, mother had conceived for him a dislike. She could give no reason for it when father asked her why, and that made him angry, as usual, for he liked Doyle exceedingly. Mother often used to sit sewing and looking at me, and every now and then I would catch her crying silently all to herself. But when I would ask her why, she would say:

"Oh, nothing." And then she would wipe her tears away.

I did not then know her real reason for this grief; but to my own sorrow I learned it afterwards when she was dead and gone.

On one of his visits Doyle had a quarrel with father about some doctrinal point in religion and he was forbidden to come to our house any more, while I was told to drop his acquaintance. As he left he managed to slip a card to me on which was written: "*Meet me at the old Walnut tree by the Spring, at sunset.*"

It is needless for me to say that I kept the appointment for I was completely infatuated with him by this time and would, woman like, have gone through fire and water for his sake. It required considerable cunning to go there at the time mentioned, but I managed it, and found my intended husband already there. We sat and talked awhile in the deepening shadows of approaching night, and partaking of a box of bon bon which Doyle had.

Our conversation was about how we should still keep up our intercourse until we could get married. But I told him that though I loved him, I would not do any act that would not be approved of by my mother, or at least, until I had told her that I had made up my mind to do it because I thought it was not right. I remembered afterwards his peculiar laugh at this, as he called it my greenness, and his remarking:

"Oh, you will get over all that nonsense before long."

A few minutes later I felt myself growing not exactly sleepy, but lazy as I thought, and bewildered, and clinging to him for support. He said:

"Come, its getting damp." I rose mechanically, and turned to go with him with a dim idea that I was going home, and yet indifferent whether I was or not. I cannot really tell how I felt. I only recollect that I

noticed Doyle lay an envelope on the bench by the spring, and then he took me away."

"Ha!" exclaimed Tarelton, "the villain had drugged you by means of those bon bons! that is what he did!"

"Yes, I know it since it was so. I did not lose consciousness, however, but as I have said I felt an utter indifference as to where I was going. I remembered afterwards feeling how odd it was that he should put me into a carriage that was standing out on the roadway, but I made no objection, nor did I wish to. It seemed to me to be all right, and I would get home in good time. After getting into the carriage I gradually lost consciousness altogether, and when I awoke I found myself in a dimly lighted room, in which beside the lounge on which I was half reclining there were only a few chairs and a rocker besides a small table. Doyle was in the rocker. I rose languidly and said:

"Where am I? what does this mean, Eddie?"

"Hello!" he exclaimed, starting toward me, for he had also been asleep, "you come to easy, Jenny. Here, put this in your mouth."

But I turned my head away, for returning reason and instinct told me that something was wrong and that I ought to resist.

"Well, Jenny," said he, as I did this, "I don't know, but what you might as well know what I intend to do anyhow. You are mine anyhow now. I've made sure of that. So sit down, and listen to what I have to tell you. I love you a great deal, and it will take a tip top girl to cut you out with me I tell you, if you behave yourself. I am going to marry you all right when I get you up home in Oneida County. I saw from the start what style your father and mother were. You know how stern they are about things, and so I had to plot a little to get you. I know you will forgive me, if you love me as you say you do."

"What do you mean?" asked I in some bewilderment as to his intentions.

"Come, sit down again, and I'll explain to you, so you won't misunderstand."

Passing his arm around me he pulled me back to the lounge and sat down with me, and recommenced:

"Now then Jenny, there'll be no good in your getting mad about this affair and flying off at a tangent, not a bit."

He then gave me the details that I have already told to Mrs. Tarelton, which caused the most terrible sorrow to take possession of me.

"I will not remain another instant with you!" I exclaimed, now thoroughly aroused. "I will go back to father and mother."

"Well, you can't do it!" laughed he. "I fixed all that before I started. When you met me at the walnut tree by the Spring, I had a note written

in your hand. When you and I walked away I just laid that note down on the little bench you know. It was directed to your parents. This is a copy of it let me read it to you, to show you that they would not let you come back. It would do you no good to tell them that I wrote it. Your hand writing was too well imitated. Listen: "My dear father and mother, I have concluded to go away with Mr. Doyle and marry him. Some day I may come back on a visit to you. But I have made up my mind to be my own mistress for the rest of my life. I love him and shall marry him honorably when we reach our new home. And when I settle down you will hear from your ever loving daughter. JENNIE."

I knew not what to say. I saw at a single glance that I was in a predicament from which I could not extricate myself with any honor. I could not go home again; for though I might convince mother and even perhaps father of my own innocence in the matter, I could not expect to silence the tongues of the scores of neighbors who would by this time have learned of all the particulars of my involuntary elopement.

"Well, Jennie, in view of my love for you, don't you forgive the innocent bit of deception I have practiced on you. Had I not done so, I would most likely have lost you, and sooner than have that happen, I would made through blood up to the eyes."

Thus spoke Doyle, and after a long silence I replied:

"I don't know what to say to you Eddie; but I hope you will keep your plighted word, your solemn promise. I see no other course to pursue but to go to your home with you, trusting that I shall not be farther deceived by you."

"That is a sensible girl, Jennie," said Doyle, as he drew me to him and pressed me to his lips.

In reply to my various questions as to our future place of abode, prospects and so forth he gave me a glowing description, and I began to lose somewhat the heaviness of spirits that I had felt, at the first discovery of his method of proceeding. The next day we started for Oneida County, and in due course of time we arrived at what he called home. *Home!* what a dreadful mis-roomer is that title when applied to such a place as the Oneida Free Love Settlement! It is nothing more nor less than a second edition of the Mormon system of Salt Lake, only in a form that is really more offensive to any woman of the least particle of spirit or the least self appreciation."

[It is a strangely significant fact that all these isms wherein women are made the slaves as it were of the men and their degraded lust, are always constructed with the utmost selfishness. Women in Utah or the Oneida Community have no liberty to take several men as their husbands, but one man has the privilege of taking as many women for what are

*called wives, as he can get. And yet, in face of the fact, that, the higher the moral grade of women, the higher is the grade of the nation, there are hundreds who would defend the horrid immorality* *Editor.]*



## A CRUEL EXPERIENCE.

"Doyle took me to a cottage that stood a little distance off the road, where I found an old woman of about sixty. She was rather deaf and he told me to call her Aunt Mary. He took her out of the room and then both returned after a long interval. She beckoned to me to follow her, and doing so, I was led up stairs to a chamber.

"I'll be back soon," said Doyle, as he turned and went out.

I did not feel disposed to talk for I was weary and my head ached badly, so I merely threw off my outside wraps and lying down on a lounge soon fell asleep. From this slumber I was aroused by Doyle, whom I saw standing beside me with a strange man. The latter was introduced to me as a magistrate of the district. He went over some rigmarole, holding an open book before him and at the end of the ceremony, Doyle advanced and took my left hand placed it flat on his forehead and uttered something that I could not understand. Then stepping three paces he made an arch like with his arms and the strange man motioned to me to pass under it. I did so mechanically and Doyle at once lowered his arms three times just as children who play the game of London Bridge. Each time this occurred both he and his companion uttered the words:

"Thus she becomes one of our community."

After this, placing themselves on either side of me they instructed me to kneel three times toward the East. This ended the ceremony and the stranger took his departure, after, as I thought exchanging significant glances with Doyle.

Whether it was my ignorance or my foolish trust I know not, but whichever it was, it caused me to not have any suspicion of anything really wrong. I had read in the papers of different kinds of ceremony in marriages and I judged this was merely different from the usual kind at home. Of course, now, I know and feel keenly how dreadfully I was deceived, but I never even suspected it then. Perhaps I might have objected to it, and wanted my own ideas; but when I thought of how cruel

Father was sometimes to me, and that in his house I would have but a sorry time of it, I silently submitted, trusting and hoping for the best.

For about two months Doyle was kind and attentive to me, though the old woman, Aunt Mary, was exceedingly worse and disagreeable, so much so that I hated to come near her, or have her come near me. For over a month I scarcely exchanged any conversation with any of our neighbors for Doyle preferred me to keep at home, and as he did so in the evenings I felt in duty bound to please him by obedience to his desire. But, as I have said, the dream was fading away, and the moment was fast drawing near in which I was to waken to the most terrible realization to which any woman can ever awake—the moment in which I was to find myself the discarded unloved victim of a base designing man. During the last week or ten days of the period I refer to, Doyle became distant and cold, and once when a man named Reynolds was there spoke in a way that I thought highly improper for a husband to speak to his wife when any male friend was present. But when I spoke to him about it he merely snapped out:

“Oh, shut up your mouth, and don’t let me hear any such prudish stuff. You’ll have to learn to obey the rules of the Community.”

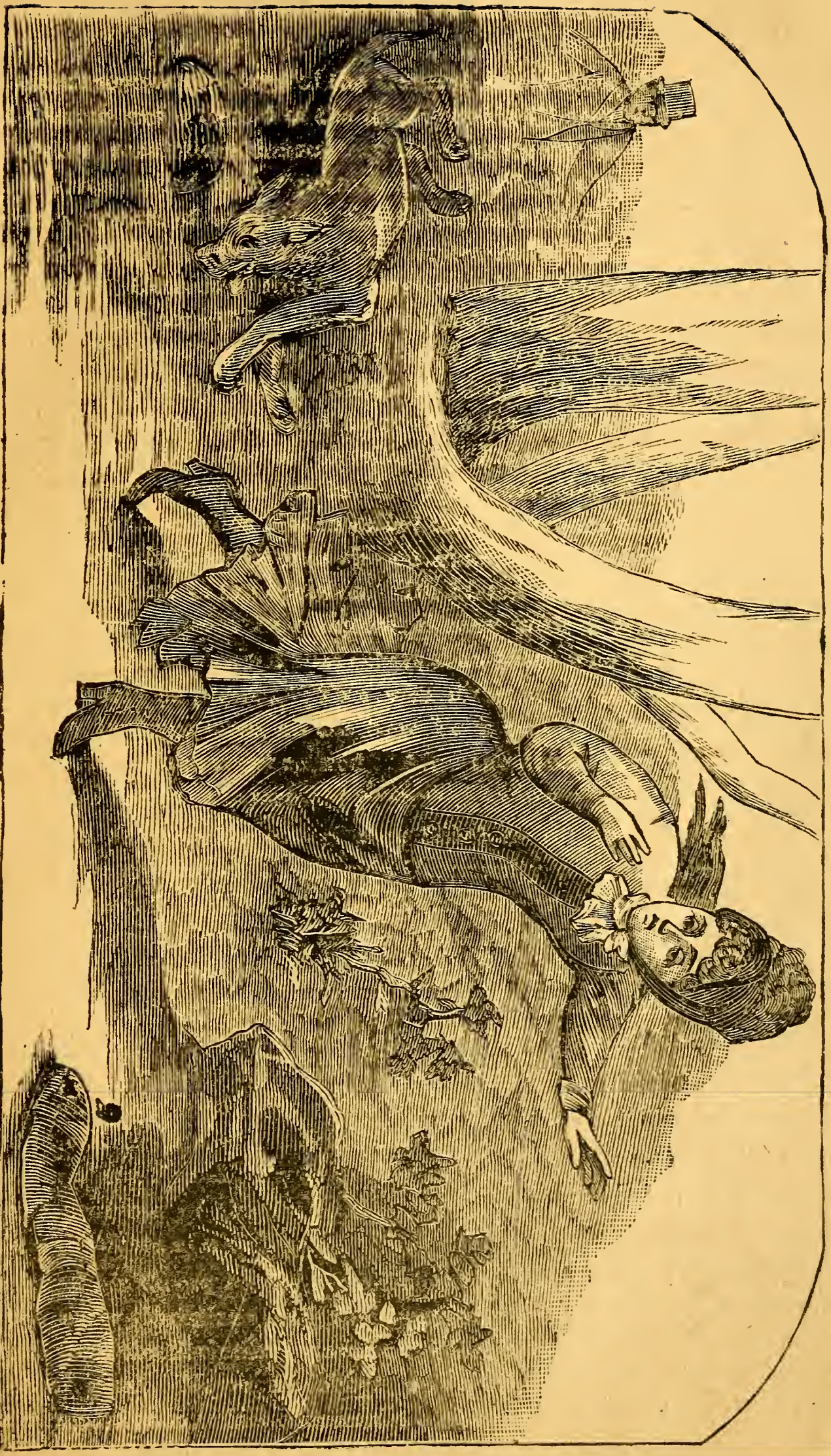
“No Community rules will be obeyed by me except what are right, but I don’t see what you are at by making that kind of a remark when I speak about a matter of good manners when a male friend is present in our house. You know you ought not to have spoken the way you did, if you had proper respect for me.”

“Bah! that’s got nothing to do with it. Reynolds has taken quite a fancy to you and admires you very much, and next month I expect to send you over to his house to keep house for him awhile, and the lady keeping for him now is to come here to take your place!”

“I’ll die at your feet, first, you villain!” I almost screamed such were my excitement and fury, for, silly and stupidly trusting as I had been I could not mistake this. The dark future in store for me appeared before my mind’s eye like the black clouds of a thunder storm, which without any warning sometimes covers the fairest blue sky.”

“Not much you won’t!” he retorted with a sneering laugh. “Go up stairs! go on!”

“I won’t!” exclaimed I, and with a rush I bounded toward the door with the design of making my escape. But quick as were my motions, Doyle was quicker and in a moment more he had me in his arms. He was a very muscular man, and with savage anger he pressed my ribs so tightly that I could not breathe, and carrying me up stairs he threw me down so violently on the floor as to stun me for several minutes. When



Miss Alden's wonderful escape from the bloodhound.

Miss Alden's wonderbare Verreitung van den Bluthunde.



I had recovered somewhat, he seized me again by the wrists and jerking me roughly to my feet dragged me to a chair and made me sit down.

"Now," hissed he, adding a dreadful oath, "if you go to cutting up any nonsense, your life won't be worth a candle stump in twenty four hours. You might as well submit first as last. You women don't know when you're well off."

"Hold your tongue, you contemptible wretch!" I exclaimed. "I am not afraid of you if I am a poor creature without friends here. You can kill me just as soon as you like but I'll never do such a thing. Now I know why all the women I meet here are such sorrowful looking creatures. You break their spirits and cow them down with your vile doings. They know they have no hopes outside, if it were known that they had been common members of this rascally "*Community*" as you call it. But you cannot beat me down that way!"

Without another word Doyle seized me again and hurling me on the floor reached over to the bed and taking off it a quilt deliberately rolled me in it like a log of wood, my frantic struggles, amounting to no more than would those of an infant. Until this moment I had not made any noise; but now finding myself deprived of the use of my arms and limbs I began to scream as loudly as I could, which was not very loud as the compression of the quilt on my body was so tight.

"Ha!" he laughed, "I'll soon stop that kind of singing!" and the next moment rolling up a handkerchief into a ball he thrust it in my mouth. This finished my resistance for I at once began to suffocate and in a short time lost all consciousness. When I regained my senses I found myself alone in the room locked in and therefore a prisoner. I was lying on the bed, free from the quilt or any other restraint, but when I tried to get up I was so weak that I could not do it. I laid there, surmising what would come to me next, and was thus occupied, when the key in the lock turned, the door was pushed open and there stood Doyle, with a sardonic grin upon his face.

"Well, my dear little she d——l," said he after contemplating me in silence for awhile, "do you want to have another taming?"

I shook my head but made no reply.

"All right," continued he, "you learn to behave yourself and do as you are bidden and it will be better for you. Here, get up and come to the window I want to show you something."

I raised myself on my elbow, but fell back again and closed my eyes. He immediately uncorked a flask and gave me a small dose of brandy, which stimulated me, and in a few minutes with Doyle's help I got to the window. Raising the sash he bade me look into the yard, first, however leaning out himself and snapping his fingers, and giving such a whistle

as men call dogs with. I put my head out and in an instant a ferocious looking dog leaped up against the wall of the house, gnashing his teeth and uttering the cry peculiar to the Georgia blood hound. I quickly drew back and Doyle gloatingly remarked as he shut down the sash:

"The door's bolted, Jenny, and the window, we'll leave open for you if you wish to go out that direction. And the only way you can leave this room is by submitting to the rules, or climbing out to Nero there, and if he gets hold of you—well—"

"Give me a few days to consider it," said I at length to gain time, for I had already resolved on my plan of action.

"All right," said he and he then left the room.

My father used to have just such a dog as Nero and I knew exactly how to conquer him. The window therefore had no terrors for me though I had been careful not to let Doyle perceive this.

"I want an answer by next Saturday night," said Doyle, coming back and looking in at me.

I told him I would do so. Thursday night came and with it weather favorable for my design a drizzley dull evening. From an old bonnet box that lay in the bottom of the closet I made a funnel, in the small end of which I inserted a half of a broom stick and bound it securely in its position with an old corset lace which I got also from the closet. Inside this funnel, which was about ten inches across the mouth, I placed a bunch of matches, fastening them to the extremity of the stick with some twine. I then dampened them so that they would not ignite. Next with a piece of flannel I rubbed the lucifer ends till they glowed and threw out a huge cloud of fire smoke. In the afternoon I had already cut up and waited two sheets, first tearing them in suitable strips. Everything being ready I resolved to make my desperate endeavor to get away from this Sodom and Gomorrah region. Carefully pushing up the window sash, I put out the funnel and rapidly let it down with the sheet rope. In this way no stray eyes could observe the glow of the phosphorus on the matches, except of course, the dog and they were intended for his special inspection. A moment or two later I slipped across the ledge and quickly descended to the ground. The dog lay asleep in his box; but rousing the instant my feet touched the earth rushed at me with a snarl. But quick as he was, I was ready for him and thrust the funnel on his head, in such a way that while he saw the luminous phosphorus he also got the full effect of its deadly fumes in his nose and lungs. Gasping and terrified he slunk away to his box, while I safely took my departure. I knew the direction to Syracuse and so I took that road, but had not gone more than a few rods when I saw in the gloom within twenty feet, the figure of a man. Something told me it was Doyle and

like a shot I crouched close down by a tree, and almost felt his coat brush me as he went by. When his steps had died out I rose and hurried on. He must have gone directly to my room, for, in less than ten minutes I saw two lanterns coming along the road after me, evidently carried by men running and presently, I also began to run, I heard the baying of the hound. Immediately I left the road and entered the woods which happened to be there, intending to get the dog in some thicket and silence him without his master seeing me. Luckily I still retained the funnel. As I had expected the beast with his unerring instinct traced my winding footsteps exactly, and halting behind a clump of bushes I kneeled down and awaited his onslaught watching also the occasional flashings of the lanterns about a quarter of a mile behind him. I had not long to wait, and with a rush he came upon me. But keeping perfectly cool I hooded him by a dexterous movement and as he sank down with the fumes of the phosphorus, I groped around hastily on the ground till I got a heavy stone, with which I struck him a dozen blows as hard as I could give them on his head, which I have no doubt killed him. This done I hurried away with quick but stealthy steps through the darkness toward the road again, watching the lanterns flitting along among the trees.

As soon as the dog stopped baying his master and companion were at a loss how to proceed and they began to call and whistle for him. I did not wait of course to see if they would find him, but getting to the road hastened onward. Shortly after daylight I got to a farm house, and appealing to the farmer's wife, Mrs. Horton, she gave me shelter and promised me protection in case of pursuit. Through her also I obtained a ticket to my home to which I resolved to go and take the risk of making peace with father. Both she and her family treated me very kindly, and when I went to the station the two sons drove me there in the carriage. When I got to Peekskill, there I met Doyle close by the depot. He had, after tracing me toward Syracuse lost the trail, and shrewdly suspecting that I would try to make my way home had come hither.

"So I've caught you at last," exclaimed he, "coming up to me and speaking in a tone of rough imperiousness.

"You had better go about your business," replied I, "or I will have you caught in a way you will not relish."

"Why you're my wife and you must go back with me," resumed he.

"Ah, I must! must I? well I acknowledge I was a simpleton, a silly fool to let you trick and deceive me the way you have, but you cannot frighten me by threats, at least not here, whatever you may have been able to do up in the vile county of your Oneida Community. Not only that but I am fully resolved to expose you all. Here comes a friend of

mine, and I think I will get him to arrest you, and we'll see what your talk amounts to."

"I'll kill you before I let you escape me!" hissed Doyle, and the next moment he had slipped into the depot, and disappeared.

In spite of my bold words I felt as I saw the evil look on his face, a strange, undefinable dread come over me, and I have not been able to shake it off.

"Then have you seen him since that again."

"Oh yes, twice he has approached me."

"Well, couldn't your people afford you any protection?"

"No, sir, for mother died from the effects of a railroad accident on the Hudson River Road, father has moved away to the West and taken Ned along with him. So I am entirely alone, and I fear that that wicked man Doyle will yet be the end of me."

"Have you seen him since you came to New York?"

"Once I think, but I will not be sure. I came to New York here with the hope that I should find a place with some respectable family and thus be free from this peril."

"Well, said Mr. Tarelton, we'll help you all we can, Miss Alden, for we see you're a thoroughly respectable and worthy young woman, and we can most likely get you a good place, but you take my advice and go state your case to Mr. Talmadge or some other celebrated man; for that vile community ought to be wiped out of existence."

For nearly two weeks after this date the Tareltons kept Jenny with them and had the promise of a place for her on the following Monday. On Sunday she went to church in high spirits, and that is the last that has ever been heard of her though the most diligent search has been made. There are not a few who affirm that there is not the slightest doubt that the body found in the river just out of Charlestown, Massachusetts, was that of poor Jenny Alden. And who can say it was not.





The foolish girl little dreamed what the villains were doing to her.  
Das leichtsinnige Mädchen ahnte nicht, was mit ihr vorgenommen wurde.



